THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1809. *No. IV.*

ART. I.—*Metaphysical Essays, by Richard Kirwan, Esq.*
(Concluded from p. 41.)

IN § viii. ix. Mr. Kirwan discusses the notions of 'space and duration, time and eternity.' These words are plain and intelligible in the sense in which they are commonly taken, but they are rendered most intricate and obscure as soon as they become the objects of metaphysical speculation. Leibnitz, in his controversy with Clarke, asserted that space is something merely relative as time is; it is the order of co-existing things, as time is of successive things; Clarke said, that

'If space were nothing real, but the mere order of bodies, it would follow, that, if the earth, sun, and moon had been placed where the remotest fixed stars now are, and in the same order and distance, with regard to one another, as they now are, they would then be in the same place too as they are now; which is an evident contradiction.

'Space is not a being, an eternal and infinite being; but the property, or consequence, of a Being, eternal and infinite. Infinite space is immensity, but immensity is not God. Infinite space is *one*, absolutely and essentially indivisible. To suppose it parted, is a contradiction in terms, as there must be space in the partition itself; which is to suppose it parted, and not parted, at the same time. The immensity, or omnipresence of God, is no more a division of his substance into parts, than his duration is a division of his existence into parts.'

'Void space,' said Clarke, 'is not an attribute without a subject, for God is certainly present, and possibly many other substances which are not matter.' 'God's immensity,' said Leibnitz, 'makes him certainly present in all spaces; but, now, if God is in space, how can it be said that space is in God? We have often heard that a property is in its subject; but never that a subject is in its property.' Clarke replied, that

'God does not exist in space, but his existence causes space. Space is not absolutely nothing; for of nothing there is no quantity, no dimensions, no properties. Nor is it a mere idea, for no idea of space can be framed larger than finite. And yet reason demonstrates that it is a contradiction that space should not be actually infinite. Nor is it a bare relation of one thing to another, arising from their situation or order; because space is a quantity, which relations (such as situation and order) are not.'

Locke says, lib. ii. c. xiii. § 3, that space considered in length is called distance; and, considered in length, breadth, and thickness, he thinks it may be called capacity; § 4, he says, that each different distance is a different modification of space. In § 11 he terms extension the space that lies between the extremities of solid coherent parts or bodies. But yet space is not extension, though, as extension is one of the constituents of all our visible and tangible ideas, we find it difficult to allow existence to any thing that is not extended. In § 13, Locke says, that the parts of pure space are inseparable from each other; and, § 21, that it is infinite. From what we can collect, Locke seems to have considered space as something different from what we call matter; as something incorporeal and indivisible.

Condillac says (*Art de Penser*, c. viii.) that pure space is only an abstraction. If, says he, we suppose a body annihilated, and preserve those which surrounded it at the same distance at which they were before, instead of inferring the existence of pure space, we can only argue that we may consider extension at the time when we dismiss the other partial ideas which we have of body. He might have said that we may compound an abstract notion out of several abstractions, and consider length, breadth, and depth, as belonging to something which is neither visible nor tangible. Condillac says, that he does not assert that space does not exist, but that the idea which we form of it does not demonstrate the existence. That most acute philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, says, in his treatise concerning the principles of human knowledge, §. cxvi. vol. i. p. 82,

'That the philosophic consideration of motion doth not imply the being of an *absolute space*, distinct from that which is perceived by sense, and related to bodies: which, that it cannot exist without the mind, is clear upon the same principles that demonstrate the like of all other objects of sense. And perhaps if we inquire narrowly, we shall find we cannot even frame an idea of *pure space*, exclusive of all body. This, I must confess, seems impossible, as being a most abstract idea. When I excite a motion in some part of my body, if it be free or without resistance, I say there is *space*: but if I find a resistance, then I

say there is body: and in proportion as the resistance to motion is lesser or greater, I say the *space* is more or less *pure*. So that when I speak of pure or empty space, it is not to be supposed, that the word *space* stands for an idea distinct from, or conceivable without body and motion. Though indeed we are apt to think every noun substantive stands for a distinct idea, that may be separated from all others, which hath occasioned infinite mistakes. When, therefore, supposing all the world to be annihilated besides my own body, I say there still remains *pure space:* thereby nothing else is meant, but only that I conceive it possible, for the limbs of my body to be moved on all sides without the least resistance; but if that too were annihilated, then there could be no motion, and consequently no space. Some perhaps may think the sense of seeing may furnish them with the idea of pure space; but it is plain from what we have elsewhere shewn, that the ideas of space and distance are not obtained by that sense.'

Bishop Law said, that he could 'form no other notion of space, than either, first, as the mere negation and absence of matter; or, secondly, as the extension of body abstractedly considered, as separate from any particular body.'

We will now state the opinion of Mr. Kirwan on the subject.

'Space is nothing more or (nor) less than the relation of two or more distant bodies to each other, or of the distant parts of the same body to each other.

'All relations are merely mental, but the objects related are real. The foundation of this relation is the standard extension, or the number of such extensions, as inches, feet, miles, &c. as we find or conceive necessary to reach from one body to the other. Thus all that can with truth be affirmed of space may clearly be conceived.

'Its primary notion is not the capacity of receiving bodies; this is merely a consequence inferred from distance: in any other point of view this capacity is merely fictitious. Otherwise, before any body was created, a capacity for receiving bodies existed; that is, when nothing whatsoever existed. As well might it be said, that a capacity of receiving spirits existed before any spirit was created. From what principle this capacity is inferred will presently be seen.

'The notion of *distance*, is originally acquired through the sense of feeling. By the repetition of tactile sensations, from one part of the body to another, we gain the notion of *extension*, which consists in nothing else than in the number and continuity of tactile sensations, either perceived, or conceived to be perceptible, betwixt two or more objects. The difference between the first and last of these sensations is what is called *distance*. Neither the knowledge of distance, nor consequently that of extension, is originally gained by the sight, but gradually learned

by experience of the connexion betwixt distant objects, previously known by tact and visual appearances, and the motion and feelings of the eye itself; as Dr. Berkeley has clearly shewn, in his admirable Essay on Vision, and has been amply proved by the subsequent experiments of Dr. Cheselden. From this connexion it happens, that the different visible appearances of near and distant bodies constantly suggest the idea of extension, as subsisting between them, even when a perfect vacuum is supposed: but this suggestion, not being in that case founded in reality, is a mere imagination. It is this imagination that so far imposed on Dr. Clarke and others, as to persuade them to think there is *something* where, in fact, there is nothing: an imagination which, arising from an early association, cannot be got rid of, as Clarke and his correspondent allowed, though, by an accurate investigation, it is proved to be a deception.

'When bodies are distant from each other there is nothing to prevent another body from being placed between them, if none be already so placed. This denial of any obstacle is what is called *capacity*: it is nothing positive, but merely a possibility inferred from incontinuous distance.

'Still, it will be said, that there is an interval between distant bodies, otherwise they could not be distant; and this interval may be measured, and therefore it is extended. Now this interval is what is called *space*, and, consequently, space is something real and extended.

'To this argument, which comprehends every thing that can be said in favour of the reality of space, I answer, that this interval is in nothing real different from distance: and this latter, indeed, is measurable by means of a solid line, reaching from one of the distant bodies to the other, and consequently extended. To such a line measures may be applied; but, without conceiving such a line, the measures would be applied to nothing, which is an evident absurdity.

'Hence we may infer, that, without two bodies at least, there can be no distance, nor, consequently, *space*. Still less can it be supposed to exist, when there are no bodies at all; and, therefore, antemundane and extramundane spaces are merely imaginary.

'If it be asked, where a single body would be placed, if no other body were created? I answer, *no where*, that is, in no place; *place* being, as Mr. Locke justly observes, (b. ii. chap. xiii, sec. 7,) the relation of distance betwixt two or more points which are considered as at rest. When, therefore, there are no such points, there is no place: and hence, as he remarks, (ibid. sec. 10,) to say that the world is *somewhere*, means no more than that it does exist, but not its location.'

Our notion of space coincides with that of Bishop Berkeley, which we think completely satisfactory. We shall not detain the reader with what the author has said respecting duration,

time, and eternity. In § x. the author gives a succinct account of the objections which have been urged against *human liberty*; though he does not adduce any chain of argument in its support, as he thinks, the consciousness of which we cannot divest ourselves, that we are the active principles from which our determinations proceed; and the remorse incident to the abuse of this self-determining power, impress the fullest conviction of this important truth. The great argument against human liberty, is the divine prescience; but do we know in what manner this prescience exists or operates? We know very little about the operations of our own minds, but how much less of the divine? We may imagine that all ideas are simultaneous and coexistent in the divine mind; but this is only supposition. For what, if the Supreme Being, instead of a simultaneous concourse, should choose an endless succession? May not his creative power, instead of producing every thing at once, be perpetually operative? Are we wise enough to determine that this cannot be? May not the Supreme Being, when he willed a *probationary* system, have so regulated even his own prescience as to impose no invincible restraint on the volitions of man? It may be difficult or impossible for us to reconcile fore-knowledge with free will; but does it thence follow that the existence of one may not be perfectly compatible with that of the other? Can we limit or define the modifications of the divine essence? Mr. Kirwan has well remarked, that 'knowledge of any kind is perfectly extrinsic to the events known;' and may not the sensation which we all have of liberty, and the innate repugnance which we seem to feel against the theory of necessity, well be opposed to any supposed proof which may arise from our imperfect conceptions of the prescience of the Deity? We all allow that God is omnipotent. But can he not exercise his omnipotence as he pleases, and according to his own all-wise views of fitness and utility? May not the exercise of his attribute of omniscience be equally within the limitations of his own will as his omnipotence? May not his *potential* omniscience be distinguished from that which he *chooses to exercise?* In order to permit the exisstence of a race of *free agents*, may he not modify his own consciousness so as to accord with such a scheme? The question of free will has been the topic of eager disputation for ages; and it will not be easy to devise any other way of solving the difficult problem than that which we have suggested.

Are not all the attributes of God only the properties of one and the same being? And can one of these ever be at variance with the rest? Is his prescience to counteract his justice or benevolence? Is he a moral governor? and, if he is, does not a moral government suppose responsibility in those

over whom it is exercised? But can there be responsibility where there is no liberty of choice? where no man can act differently from what he does? where, whether he do good or evil, he does either by constraint? where, whether he save a fellow creature from perishing by hunger, or murder his father to get possession of his property, he does only what the God of the universe has in reality forced him to do? Does not the mind of every unprejudiced man revolt at such a doctrine? Is not its invincible repugnance to our ordinary notions of fitness, and to the most humble as well as the most sublime conceptions of the divine wisdom and goodness, a proof that it is false, however much the wit of certain metaphysicians may invoke the divine prescience to prove it true. To us, human liberty, as far as it regards moral choice, in the conduct of life, appears as certain as the moral government of the Deity.

One of the great and distinguishing principles of human nature is conscience, an invisible monitor or secret judicatory in the human breast, before which a man is always, in a greater or less degree, obliged to bring his own actions for judgment, and which, with more general equity than any external tribunal, rewards or punishes with satisfaction or regret. That there is such a principle in man is certain, though its original sensibility may be indurated by habit, or its sensitive existence apparently destroyed by neglect. But the advocates for necessity suppose, that this principle of conscience, which to us appears one of the most essential and necessary, is one of the most adventitious and superfluous, parts of the moral constitution of man. Its very existence, indeed, on their hypothesis, argues the impotency or absurdity of the divine architect of the human frame. For, why should the Deity have communicated such a principle as a restraint on vice, when we are vicious from necessity? And why should he have made vice the natural object of dissatisfaction and regret, when virtue itself is not more agreeable to his will? The advocates of necessity make the volitions of man, however gross, cruel, and unjust, a part of the volition of the Deity. And their doctrine exhibits that Deity, in the light of the most inconstant and capricious tyrant, making laws which he forces them to violate, and then punishes the violation. But the hypothesis itself happily furnishes its own refutation; and we wonder that it has been embraced by so many persons, who have bewildered their minds, perverted their judgments, and confounded their moral notions by the words fate and prescience, till they have divested accountable man of all self-determining power, and rendered him, in respect to all voluntary acts, like a piece of carpenter's work,

According to Dr. Priestley, the determinations of man in any given circumstances could not be different from what they are. But we would ask, whether a man, who steals a purse, violates the bed of his friend, or takes away the life of his father, might not in the same circumstances have avoided these crimes? If not, the framers of our criminal law seem to have been equally deficient in justice and humanity. But they, as well as the thief, the adulterer, or the parricide, may offer the all-sufficient plea of *necessity*.

We shall now extract the remarks of Mr. Kirwan on *motives*, which will throw some light on this subject, and tend to prove, that, when man acts, he must, in the majority of instances, from the diversity of motives which are presented to his mind, act not from constraint but choice, not like an automaton, but a free agent, who balances the quantities of real or apparent good.

'Motives are presented to the mind either by sensation, imagination, passion, sense of duty, fear of remorse, or moral instincts. In general, those presented by the three first modes of perception are most pursued, because in receiving them the mind is entirely passive, and their rejection is attended with a greater or lesser degree of pain; whereas the comprehension of the latter, in their full suasorial view, requires attention and self-command, which are opposed by the natural indolence of the mind, though the importance of the determination to be taken strongly indicate the propriety of applying them, and though the understanding pronounce the pursuit of the object they suggest to be in some respects the greater good. Hence the saying of Medea, *Video meliora*, &c.

The difficulties in which this subject has hitherto been involved, have arisen in great measure from the improper expressions used in treating it; most of which are, in their literal sense, applicable only to corporeal nature, which is passive, and therefore suggest false conceptions when applied to mind, which is essentially active. Thus *motives* seem to imply something active, whereas they are, in reality, passive, being the ends which the mind pursues, or may pursue. They are said to *impel* the mind to action, which again falsely denotes activity, whereas the mind naturally *pursues* them in proportion to the apparent good they present. Thus also *force* and *strength* are improperly applied to them.'

C. 1, of essay ii. is entitled 'Of the human Mind and its Modifications.'

'By the human *mind*, we denote the principle or subject of our perceptions, whether sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, volitions, desires, aversions, &c. which we call our *self*, of which we are conscious; we can even infer by reason-

ing, from the impossibility of the existence of modes without a common subject, that such a subject really exists: by a spirit I understand that indivisible unextended thing which thinks, acts, and perceives.'

He then controverts the idea of Mr. Hume, that

'Mankind are nothing but a bundle of perceptions,' 'which are linked together by the relation of cause and effect, and mutually produce, destroy, influence, and modify each other.'

Mr. Kirwan, following Bishop Berkeley, supposes a thinking substance, which we call self, which is the seat of consciousness, and in which alone all our sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, volitions, desires, aversions, &c. exist. Without the supposition of a single indivisible thinking substance, it is impossible to account for the sensation of consciousness, for reflection, memory, judgment, or any of the phenomena of mind. Those, who suppose that there is no such thinking substance, but that man is only an organised mass of material fibres, would do well to consider what identity there is, or can be, between an organic body compounded of such a multiplicity of fibres, nerves, muscles, &c. and a percipient being, which is *essentially one*. Notwithstanding the great diversity and dissimilitude of our ideas, there evidently is a principle in the human being, in which they are united, blended, as it were, into one, and, as far as respects consciousness, identified. It seems impossible to explain how the idea even of self, or of personality, could arise, if a thinking indivisible principle were not enveloped in the frame of man, to which it is indissolubly attached. Without this individuating principle, a man would have as many selves, or *persons*, as he has sensations. His personality would be for ever changing; his self-consciousness for ever fugitive and evanescent. He would not be the same conscious being, at different times of the year, nor even different hours of the day. He would be a totally different person, when he had a sensation of sight, and when a sensation of sound, when he touched a piece of marble, and when he smelt a rose. No Proteus could undergo so many changes of *person*, such wonderful metamorphoses in a moment of time.

Without the presence of a thinking indivisible substance, it would puzzle the materialists, to shew how a congeries of fibres could produce an abstract notion, or an idea of reflection. Can the sense of sight consider visible objects apart from any thing visible? Can the sense of touch have an idea of existence separated from all tangible qualities? Are not ideas which are derived from different senses, con-

pared, as if they belonged only to one? But what is this comparing principle? To what sense, to what fibres in the organic involutions of the brain does it belong? Can the sense of touch compare the sensations of taste and sound, or of smell and sight? Can the eye discriminate the fine and delicate sensations of harmony in the ear? or can the ear exert a critical function over the coloured hues which vibrate in the eye? Are not sensations, ideas, notions, thoughts, judgments, and volitions, modes of intellectual existence; but can modes exist without a subject? And does it not seem capable of demonstration that in the human frame this subject must be an *indivisible percipient?*

We sometimes perceive at one and the same time a group of sensations derived from the different organs of sense, as a rose excites at once the sensation of redness and the smell of fragrance, with that of a certain configuration and appearance; but it will be difficult to shew how these several sensations could be blended in the mind into one simple idea of rose, unless the mind itself were a thinking substance, one and indivisible, to which all the sensations, which are propagated from the different organs of sense, are conveyed as to a point, and become identified with the consciousness of one and the same thinking being.

In § 1, c. ii. the author distinguishes the modifications of the human mind, or the states in which we may exist, into passive and active. The passive, says he, are

'those of which the mind itself is not the direct and immediate cause, but which are impressed upon it by an extrinsic cause, which can be no other than the *Supreme Being;* though in many instances the mind, conformably to certain stated laws, may alter, exchange, or extinguish many of them.'

Mr. Kirwan says that the act of judging, and that of willing and rejecting, are the only true active modifications of mind.

§ 2, c. ii. treats 'of sensations in general.' Sensations cannot be excited by a mere act of the will; nor can they be said to be perfectly similar to any thing but other sensations of the same kind and degree in other minds. Our sensations, when considered singly, are called the qualities of the things to which they are referred.

'As all sensations are impressed on our minds by the Supreme Being, they must be known to him, not by organs of sense, of which he has none, but in a manner to us inconceivable: the same changes therefore which, conformably to his laws, take place in our minds, are perceived by him, whether perceived by us or not. That his mode of knowledge is to us inconceivable,

is, besides other reasons, evident from this, that he knows *pain*, even the most extreme, without feeling it; whereas, if we had never felt it, we should never know it. The modifications of our minds should, in case they existed in them, undergo various changes, by reason of the progress, interference, or opposition of the laws by which they are governed, or to which they are exposed: in the divine intellect corresponding variations take place; nor do such variations derogate from his essential perfections, as they neither add to nor detract from any of them. That such variations are not incompatible with his immutability, is evident, since he possesses now, as he did from all eternity, the most perfect freedom; which essentially requires a power of changing his determinations at present, equally as at any antecedent imaginable period of his existence.'

'Odours, sounds, and tastes' are the subject of § 3. The sensations of smells and sounds are generally allowed to exist only in the mind. They are not, like our tangible and visible sensations, supposed to be the images or representations of any external object. It is certain that the sensations of odours and sounds cannot proceed from any tangible quality; for one sensation cannot be generated by another, from which it is specifically different. In § 4 we find some remarks on visual sensations, which are chiefly taken from Berkeley. The exquisite structure of the organs of sight cannot explain how visual sensations are obtained. But still we find that the sensations themselves are conditionally dependent on the integrity of the organic mechanism. The objects of sense are usually considered as something distinct from the sensations which are conveyed by the organs of sense; though, in some cases, the object cannot be distinguished from the sensation. From Berkeley the author refutes the common theories of vision, and concludes that our judgment of visible distances is entirely the result of experience; as certain degrees of distance have been found to be attended with certain sensations arising from the various disposition of the eyes.

'A man born blind, being made to see, would at first have no knowledge of distance by sight; the sun and stars, the remotest objects as well as the nearer, would all seem to be in his eye, or rather in his mind; the objects intromitted by sight, would seem to him, as in truth they are, no other than a new set of thoughts or sensations, each of which is as near to him as the perceptions of pain or pleasure: for our judging objects perceived by sight to be at any distance, is entirely the effect of experience, which one in those circumstances could not yet have attained to.*

* This has been fully confirmed by Dr. Cheselden, nineteen years after Berkeley's prediction; for, having couched a youth born blind, he relates,

It is certain that colours, which are the immediate object of sight, are not without the mind; but does not all visible extension appear as near to us as the colour of the object, or is it possible even in thought, to separate colour from extension? 'Suppose,' says Mr. Kirwan,

'That, looking at the moon, I should say it were 50 or 60 semidiameters of the earth from me, let us see what moon this is spoken of; it is plain it cannot be exactly that which is visible, or any thing like it, for that which I see is only a round luminous plain of about 30 visible points in diameter; and, in case I am carried from the place where I stand, directly towards the moon, it is manifest its appearance varies still as I go along, and, by the time I have advanced 50 or 60 semidiameters of the earth, I shall be so far from being near a little round luminous flat, that I shall perceive nothing like it, this object having long since disappeared. Again, suppose I perceive, by sight, the faint and obscure vision of something, which I doubt whether it be a man or a tree, or a tower, but judge it to be at the distance of about a mile, it is plain I cannot mean, that exactly what I see is a mile off, or that it is the image or likeness of any thing which is a mile off, since, every step I take towards it, the appearance alters, and from being obscure, small, and faint, grows clear, large, and vigorous; and when I come to the mile's end, that which I saw first is quite lost, neither do I find any thing like it.

'In these and the like instances, the truth of the matter stands thus: having of a long time experienced certain sensations, perceivable by touch, as distance, tangible figure, and solidity, to have been connected with certain sensations of sight, I do, on perceiving these last, forthwith conclude what tangible sensations are, by the usual course of nature, likely to follow; looking at an object, I perceive a certain visible figure and colour, with some degree of faintness, and other circumstances, which, from what I formerly observed, determine me to think, that if I advance forwards so many paces, or miles, I shall be affected with such or such sensations of touch: so that, in truth and strictness of speech, I neither see distance itself, nor any thing I take to be at a distance. I say, neither distance, nor things placed at a distance, are themselves perceived by sight: and I believe, whoever will look narrowly into his own thoughts, and examine what he means, by saying he sees this or that thing at a distance, will agree with me, that what he sees, only suggests to his understanding, that after having passed a certain distance, to be measured by the motion of his body, which is perceivable by touch, he shall come to perceive such and such tangible sensa-

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that when first he obtained his sight, he was so far from making any judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, as what he felt did his skin. 7 Phil. Trans. Abr. p. 491, 492.

tions, which have been usually connected with such and such visible sensations; but that one may be deceived by these suggestions, and that there is no necessary connexion between visible and tangible sensations suggested by them, we need go no further to prove, than to the next looking-glass or picture.'

Visual objects excite an entirely new set of perceptions, very different from those of touch. This difference is such that the identity which exists between the objects of different senses is known only by association and experience. Thus a man born blind, on first receiving the faculty of sight, would not be able, *solely* by the sensations of vision, to mark the differences with which his tactile sensations had previously rendered him acquainted. A man born blind, would not, on first beginning to see, be able by the sense of sight, without the aid of touch, to distinguish between hard and soft, solidity and fluidity, roughness and smoothness, between earth and water, between a piece of marble and a plot of grass. For the only immediate perceptions which visual objects introduce into the mind are those of light and colours, and these sensations have no resemblance to those of touch. But by exercising the sense of sight in conjunction with that of touch, we should by association and experience soon be able to transfer to one some of the knowledge which we obtained from the other; and to distinguish many tangible qualities by the eye as well as by the touch. Even the ideas of space and distance are not originally introduced by the sight; for on first beginning to see, all objects seem equally near. The sensation of distance is transferred by early habit from the touch to the sight.

The Supreme Being is the only cause of our sensations. The power which we have of communicating sensations, or of receiving them, must be derived from the author of our being, who gave us the organs of sense, and determined the reciprocal relations between them and the sensible objects of the universe. This power cannot be limited by our will, nor by that of others, but is regulated by general laws.

The transcendent beauty of the system of Berkeley is, that it fixes the mind on the Supreme Being in every situation in life, more than any other system of metaphysics; and it accords with the assertion of scripture, that IN HIM WE LIVE, AND MOVE, AND HAVE OUR BEING.

Mr. Kirwan rejects the existence of matter in philosophical speculation, though he admits the truth in cases in which we speak of, and are guided by, appearances; as the supposition is too much incorporated in the general belief, and in the popular language, to be entirely discarded. But Mr. K. does

not allow that the constitution of our nature forces us to entertain the belief. It is indeed so far from being true, that we are under any such necessity by a law of our constitution, that children seem in the first stage of their existence to have no idea of any thing external to the mind. Every thing, in fact, appears to them to exist in the mind. They have no perception of distance; and an object which is remote does not really seem farther off than one which is near. The wise are often obliged to accommodate their language to the imaginations of the ignorant, as without this conformity, the limits of social intercourse must be very much contracted; and the wise must form a language for themselves, of which the foolish must be as much excluded as from the knowledge of Persic or Hindostanee. The learned and the ignorant think differently, but they must often, and in all the common occasions of life, speak alike. They must talk as if the sun turned round the earth, instead of the earth turning round the sun.

'By *matter*,' says Mr. Kirwan, 'I understand an insensate being, supposed to be the cause or occasion of our sensations.' The existence of matter, as it it thus defined, includes no repugnancy, 'but its existence is superfluous, and at least highly improbable.' It is superfluous, because all the phenomena of the universe may be satisfactorily explained without having recourse to the supposition; it is improbable, because the Deity never makes use of more means than are necessary to effect his purposes. The belief of the existence of matter originates, as Mr. Kirwan says, in a delusion similar to that by which an oar which is placed obliquely in the water appears to be crooked when it is straight, or as an image in a mirror appears to be a reality to a child. Here we shall let Mr. Kirwan speak for himself. He enumerates the following delusions among the principal causes of our belief in the existence of matter:

'First, the persuasion that we perceive distant tangible objects immediately by sight; whereas we only instantaneously imagine and infer their existence from their long-experienced connexion with visual objects, and certain motions of our eyes. This is owned by the most intelligent hyloists. Thus, what we see, is barely a sign of the tangible sensation we should have, or some other mind has, if in contact with the object. In fact, we never see and feel the same thing, though we may things to which a common name is given; thus I may be said to see and feel the same billiard ball, though in fact I see only its colour, and at most half its figure; but I do not see its smoothness or hardness, no more than I can feel its colour; the former are suggested to me by the sight, in consequence of the experienced

association of the colour with those tangible sensations, which we know we actually have not; now, of such sensations, thus suggested to us, and which we are certain we shall experience after traversing a certain distance, we imagine the causes to exist at that distance, and consequently that they are external to our minds, through our natural ignorance and habitual inattention to the Supreme Being, the only possible cause of our sensations. These suppositious imaginary causes are by the hyloists called *matter*.

'So also a blind man, finding that he can successively feel the aggregate of the resisting sensations that compose his body, naturally imagines these parts to be external to, and distant from, his mind or principle of thought, which he cannot feel.

'The same mistake, though in a lesser degree, is daily made with respect to sounds; for nothing is commoner than to say one hears trumpets, or the firing of guns, or the approach of carriages, though nothing can really be heard but the different modifications of sound connected and long associated with the abovementioned circumstances of those bodies.

'So also, when the known figure, colour, and magnitude of an apple are seen, they immediately suggest the taste and smell; and on this aggregate of sensations, a name is bestowed, which is that of an *apple*.

'The second cause of this persuasion was suggested by the structure of language: this requires, most commonly at least, adjectives and substantives. Now the same adjective is applicable to a variety of different substantives; thus we say a good man, a good horse, a good house, &c. Frequently indeed the substantive with which the adjective is supposed conjoined, is not expressed; thus Hudibras says, "*better* is the only enemy to *good*;" but, as an adjective is imperfectly intelligible without reference to some substantive, the general term *thing* was invented, which denotes any substantive: then all sensations being expressed by adjectives, on account of their various applicability, as *red*, *fragrant*, *sweet*, *loud*, *hot*, *cold*, *hard*, *soft*, *extended*, &c. the mechanism of language necessarily supposes them to have some substantive to which their aggregate is applicable. This substantive was called a *thing*, or substance, though perfectly unknown, being unperceived by any of the senses, until a particular name was devised, which name was supposed to denote also that unknown thing, and to involve it in its signification: thus an apple was at first called a red, fragrant, juicy *thing*, before it was named an *apple*, which more expressly denoted the peculiarities of its taste, smell, colour, shape, hardness, &c. Thus these sensations were deemed to be modifications of this fictitious thing, which was called their *substratum*, and the supposed *substratum* of all sensational aggregates was by philosophers called *matter*.

'Thirdly, men were led to think, that there existed some substance foreign and extrinsic to them, by reason of the continued

reappearance of many objects totally independent of them; not reflecting, that all that was perceivable in these objects were mere sensations, as colour, taste, smell, &c. which could not exist but in some mind, though not perceived by their own, though they reappeared to them by virtue of the laws fixed by the Author of nature. Hence that profound philosopher Mr. Turgot says, that existence, relatively to us, is the permanence of certain collections of sensations, which in similar circumstances constantly reappear the same, with alterations subjected to certain laws.'

By the speculative rejection of matter we obtain great advantage in all the topics of moral and theological debate. We, in fact, as Mr. K. remarks, extirpate atheism; for the root of atheism is fixed in the alleged eternity of matter. Even the modern materialists, who contend that *organization* constitutes *thought*, make, undesignedly, some approximation to the atheistic system; for if the essence of thought consist in a certain peculiar combination of the particles of matter, and if matter be eternal, even the universe itself, in the immensity of ages, may have been produced by some fortuitous concourse of atoms, according to the epicureans. Time only seems wanting to make a sufficient number of trials; and that requisite is obtained by imparting to matter the attribute of eternity. Those who suppose matter to be eternal, and who still allow the existence of an intelligent first cause, are guilty of as great an absurdity as any in the Athanasian creed; for they make two contradictory eternities and gods; an eternity with consciousness, and an eternity without; a God with volition, and a God with no volition at all. But the immaterial system, which refers all the phenomena of creation to the never ceasing agency of the divine mind, operating according to certain fixed and immutable laws, liberates us from these absurdities, and makes us look on the Almighty Father as ALL IN ALL.

By the immaterial system we

' Disencumber philosophy of various paradoxical assertions, whose admitted incomprehensibility, though supposed to rest on geometrical demonstrations, is disgraceful to human reason, and has given rise to scepticism, and furnished fanatics and mystery-mongers with a plausible pretext to insult and humble it; such as the *infinite divisibility* of matter: the existence of extra-*mundane space*, to which many have attributed the incommunicable attributes of the Deity, and others have with no less absurdity considered as a divine attribute, will be seen to have no existence but in the mind, space being nothing more than the distance discerned betwixt tangible sensations; and thus the contradiction arising from the supposition of the divine *immensity* filling all,

even extra-mundane space, and yet to be unextended, is at once removed.

'The nature of *forces*, and the *communication of motion*, are no longer unintelligible, if they are nothing more than the results of the settled laws of the divine agency: the presence of *powers* acknowledged to be inadequate to the production of the effects attributed to them, such as that of subtile particles, to produce sensations, will no longer be deemed necessary: the change which, according to St. Paul, is to take place in our bodies at the resurrection, is easily understood, as it denotes no more than an alteration in the laws by which the system of perceptions, which constitute our bodies, is at present governed.

'Notwithstanding this speculative rejection, this word should be used, not only in popular language, wherein it is often taken figuratively, but also in that of natural philosophy, wherein it is employed as an abridged expression of *tangible sensations*.'

The charge of religious scepticism which has been adduced against the system of Bishop Berkeley, may be most successfully repelled; for there is no system which so strongly enforces the omnipresence of the Deity; or which tends to inspire such sensations of filial confidence and regard. It is indeed a system which is the perennial source of the sweetest solace, and the most cheering hopes. It tends to produce serenity and contentment, in the most gloomy and troubled hour.

We were much struck by what Warburton says of the reception which the philosophical writings of Locke experienced on their first appearance.

'When Locke,' says the bishop, 'first published his essay, he had hardly a single approver.' 'Neither following the fashion, nor striking the imagination, he, at first, had neither followers nor admirers; but being every where clear, and every where solid, he, at length, worked his way, and afterwards was subject to no reverses.'—Warburton's Letters, p. 282, 283.

What Warburton pronounced concerning Locke, will, probably, hereafter be said with equal truth respecting the metaphysical system of Berkeley. That system, though it had, at first, and still has but few, very few followers and admirers, is yet every where so luminous in point of exposition, and so strong in point of proof, that we have little doubt but that it will finally triumph over all opposition, and afterwards be exempted from fluctuation and decay. The *treatise* of Berkeley *concerning the principles of human knowledge* was published in 1710, but it was ridiculed on its first appearance, as it has been since, as the baseless fabric of a visionary. The author, because he had the hardihood to

deny the existence of *matter*, according to the *common acceptation of that term*, was supposed to be hardly deserving of a serious reply. Banter and jest, and, if these failed, a *garre and clean straw* were thought the best answer and the most solid refutation. When men cannot refute any system which is opposite to their preconceived opinions or long cherished prejudices, the common substitute for argument is raillery and abuse. Hard names are easily called, and it requires little intellectual effort to tell our opponent that he is a madman or a fool. We can besides often render that ridiculous which we cannot prove irrational or absurd; but the power of exciting a laugh does not furnish any criterion of metaphysical any more than of religious truth. Had Locke argued in a mixed company against a mountebank, we have little doubt but that the buffoon would soon have raised a laugh at the expense of the philosopher. The gravity of truth seems, from that rapidity of transition which there is in the sensations of man, always to border on the confines of a jest. But where men have recourse to ridicule and invective, instead of argument, it is the strongest proof which can be advanced of the intellectual impotency of the opponent.

If any thing would at first sight give us a favourable opinion of the system of Berkeley, it is the broad grin or the horse-laugh of its adversaries, which has been substituted for copiousness of induction and solidity of argument. His work, though it has now been published about a century, has never yet experienced a *rational confutation*; and, though it has not made many proselytes, it is slowly, though gradually, advancing in the public estimation.

The great impediment to the reception of the Berkeleyan system of metaphysics, is the supposition which has been embraced with inconsiderate precipitation, that the author of it denies the *existence* of the things which we see and feel. This mistake has been propagated by those who have either never read his book, or have read it with a determination to misunderstand, or to pervert his meaning. For no impartial man, not void of common sense, can read the bishop's principles of human knowledge, and his dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, without being convinced that the author is so far from denying the evidence of the senses or the existence of sensible things, that he establishes both the one and the other in a manner much more satisfactory than is possible, according to the common hypothesis of the materialists. What Berkeley denies is the existence of *unperceived substance*, and those who are the warmest advocates for the evidence of the senses, and even the actual existence

of *matter*, will surely allow that the senses can furnish no evidence of the existence of that which cannot be perceived by sense. The perception which we have of sensible things is the only evidence which we have of the existence of sensible things. If we could neither see nor feel, we could have no proof of the existence of visible and tangible things. Our perceptions of sensible things are the only proof which we have or can have of their reality. To every individual, therefore, the perception of sensible things constitutes their reality, and as every individual is convinced of the existence of other minds as well as of his own, he believes in the perceptions of other minds as well as in his own. But the *proof* of all sensible realities must be *the perception of some mind*. And though Berkeley thus makes perception to constitute reality, yet he does not deny but that sensible things may exist out of the mind of John or Thomas, or any particular individual; but he asserts that they can have no absolute existence 'distinct from being perceived by God, and exterior to all minds.'

He refers all being to the volition of the Deity, instead of setting up another deity in opposition to him in the form of an infinity of corpuscular atoms, each of them infinitely divisible, or unchangeably indivisible, and either way eternal. If the supposition of Berkeley be not at once rational and pious, where shall we look for one that is? Shall we seek it in what Warburton calls the *moonshine* of the Scotch metaphysicians?

The materialists, who are the most violent opponents of the system of Berkeley, are reduced to an alternative, in which they can hardly make a choice without foundering on atheism. They must allow that their favourite *matter* is either infinitely divisible, or not infinitely divisible. If it be infinitely divisible, or if it may be divided times without end, then it must be incapable of annihilation. And that which excludes the possibility of being annihilated must be eternal. What can never have an end in time to come, can never have had a beginning in time past. To suppose a beginning of matter, is to suppose a time when matter did not exist. But to suppose a time when matter did not exist, is to suppose a time when its existence may again be discontinued. On this latter hypothesis matter would not be infinitely divisible. Now to recur to the other branch of the alternative: if matter be not infinitely divisible, then, after a certain number of divisions, we should inevitably come to some particles of matter which were indivisible. But to suppose any particles of matter to be indivisible, is to suppose them to be unchangeable. To suppose them incapable of change is to suppose them to have

always been what they are. To suppose them to have always been what they are, and that they can never be other than they are, is to suppose them eternal. But to suppose matter eternal, which is, and must be, the ultimate hypothesis of the materialists, whether they allow that matter itself is infinitely divisible or not infinitely divisible, is to make a god out of an unthinking substance. It is indeed to suppose that there is a God without intelligence. And if the materialists will still confess an intelligent cause, exclusive of their lumpish matter of the universe, they must confess that, though he may have cut, planed, moulded, divided, and compounded the matter of the world, he did not make the matter of the world; for they make matter as eternal as his divinity. One could not have existed before, nor after the other. Is not this either to allow no first cause at all to what is called the material world, or to introduce a plurality of deities? Is it not indeed to make as many eternals as there are particles of matter in the universe? We have often heard much ridicule thrown on the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, because that doctrine supposes *three Eternals;* but the hypothesis of the materialists, which is infinitely more absurd than that of the Trinitarians, supposes more eternals than there are grains of sand on the sea-shore.

The doctrine of the materialists has a natural tendency to generate atheism, and consequently to destroy the rational expectation of a future state. It has had, and, while it is supported, it must continue to have this noxious effect on the minds of speculative men. But the system of Berkeley, which makes God all in all, which ascribes eternity only to him, and reality only to his uncreated mind, and the derivative minds of his creatures, is the most powerful antagonist to scepticism, as it respects the present, and it is full of sweet solace as it respects the future. According to the materialists, man is only a heap of flesh and bones, who, after a few years, moulders and rots on the dunghill of the earth; but, according to the system of Berkeley, man is a spirit, to whom death itself is only a change of phenomena, a transition from a grosser state of perception, to one more elevated and more pure. The more his theory is studied, the more it will be found the philosophy of truth, and the comforter of life.

We have not room to make the latter sections of Mr. Kirwan's work the subject of any animadversions, nor even to enumerate their contents. These Essays may serve as a good introduction to the study of metaphysics. In the great principles of his system, Mr. Kirwan has taken Berkeley for his guide; and we do not believe that it will be easy, among the

whole host of metaphysical writers, to find one who can be paralleled with Berkeley in sagacity of remark, in force of reasoning, or perspicuity of expression. We here strenuously recommend the diligent study of his works, of which this volume of Mr. Kirwan may serve to prepare the way for the perusal. The more the system of Berkeley is studied, the more it will be found to contain a satisfactory account of the phenomena of mind, and the more luminous proof it will be found to display of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; while it contains no common antidote against the terrors of death, and offers the most benign and cordial comfort to man in his passage through this probationary, but perturbed and perplexing state.

ART. II.—*Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, an historical Romance, in 4 Volumes, by Miss Anna Maria Porter.*

THOUGH we do not in general approve of performances which blend romance with reality, we have received considerable gratification from the perusal of the volumes before us. Discarding all ideas of historical resemblance, and considering the work merely as a fiction, we think that very high praise is due to the author, both for the arrangement of circumstances, and the discrimination of character; with regard to the latter point, particularly, which must be considered at once the quality most difficult of attainment and most worthy of admiration, Miss Porter is entitled to rank among the best of our living novelists. But our readers will probably derive a much clearer idea of the merits of her present work from a short sketch of its contents than from any further general observations of our own. The story begins with the birth of the hero, and the account that is given of his early years, of the instructors to whose charge he was committed, and the friends on whom he relied, is such as to prepare us for the peculiarities which afterwards marked his character. We believe Miss Porter has been faithful in depicting that wild impetuosity which gave even to his most generous and valiant actions the air of imprudence or rashness; and that bigotted zeal which led him, in defiance of all advice, into Africa, and caused the destruction of so noble an army. To the leading traits of character with which history has furnished her, our author has of course added a thousand charms, and she has certainly succeeded in interesting us extremely, in the fate of Don Sebastian. On seeing the picture of a plain French

princess, with whom his ministers wish him to form an alliance, he makes a rash vow never to marry, until he has accomplished his favourite project, of overcoming and converting the infidels, by an invasion of Africa. Our young king, in the mean time, rides unattended, one morning, to some sequestered regions, where chance introduces him to a very beautiful girl; the vow abjuring love is naturally forgotten in a moment, and, after having rescued the lady's favourite goat, and interchanged a few words with her, the king of Portugal becomes the slave of the fair Donna Gonsalva, whom he finds, on inquiry, to be the daughter of one of his nobles. Accustomed to receive the homage and adulation attached to high rank, the tender attentions of one, who only knows him in the light of an inferior, are particularly flattering to his self-love, and after having convinced himself of her disinterested attachment, he publicly makes known his intention of raising her to the throne of Portugal. Don Imanuel de Castro, the affianced husband of the lady, but with whom she was but slightly acquainted, most unexpectedly refuses to give up his claims, and the pope, on being referred to, annuls the former marriage only on the condition of Sebastian's vow being accomplished. Then follows the invasion of Barbary, and the battle of Alcazar, in the description of which, Miss Porter has adhered pretty faithfully to historical accounts. We could not, however, help lamenting that the striking circumstances attending the death of Muley Moluch should have been wholly passed over in silence, though perhaps there is always good generalship in keeping the fine actions of our enemies in the shade. Our author, as may be naturally supposed, preserves her hero through the dangers of battle, and, for the sake of the other three volumes (which could not otherwise have existed), conveys a pious dervise to the spot where he lies, who recovers him from all his wounds. We own that our attention began to waver, when we found him carried off by Alarbes, and sold as a slave to a Moorish governor; and when we perceived that the governor's daughter fell in love with him, we freely confess that we laid down the book in despair.

If there is, in the regions of romance, one path more completely beaten up, by constant tramplings, than another, it is undoubtedly that which leads to Moorish captivity; and the many mean amblers who have tried their powers in kicking and curvetting over that well-known ground, have rendered it so irksome as to be (at least as far as readers are concerned) almost impassable: it required therefore all the confidence which we placed in our author's powers, to enable

us to overcome the dreadful damp that was thrown on our spirits, on entering the Cassavee of El Hader; and we are sorry to say, that our captivity there was not lightened by any particular cares of Miss Porter's, and that we sighed for blessed liberty quite as much as is usual on such occasions. Though no one would, for the world, see a proud and noble monarch smarting under servile discipline, or reduced to the performance of menial offices, yet we cannot help entertaining doubts whether a frown, be it ever so royal, or a contemptuous smile, be it ever so heroic, has (when unaccompanied by other weapons) sufficient power to keep in awe so savage and so well armed a task-master as Ben Tarab, and even to induce him to grant peculiar favours, merely from the principle of fear; this inconsistency set aside however, we must allow that notwithstanding our natural dislike of Moorish governors' daughters, we were obliged to make a most pleasing exception in the case of Kara Azick, whose name indeed alarmed us, but whose character presents a model of female loveliness, that we think has seldom been equalled. 'She never told her love,' and when at last informed by her noble slave, that a European lady possesses that heart which the enthusiasm of his gratitude and admiration had led her (without the slightest vanity) to imagine her own, she divests herself of all selfish feelings, and runs every risk to obtain his liberty, in which she at last succeeds; the return of Sebastian to Portugal, after two years of painful captivity, is attended with circumstances that are as happily related as they are well imagined.

Exulting in the proudest hopes, his heart beating high with love, friendship, and patriotism, he enters his native land with all the enthusiasm of delight; and Miss Porter's talents have been seldom more happily exerted than in describing the sudden fall of all his hopes in the reception he experienced. By the generality of his subjects his virtues could not be appretiated, whilst the miseries entailed on them by his headstrong imprudence were deeply felt by all; those who best knew his value were, from private views, the most interested in his absence, and all his fond expectations are at once destroyed by finding his Gonsalva false, his dearest friend perfidious, and his people quietly obeying another monarch, whilst the Sebastian, whom they considered as buried in royal state, is almost forgotten by all.

'What a return! and how fearful was the spectacle which it presented! as if a veil had been torn off by some invisible power, he beheld every heart in which he fondly thought himself cherished, false to their vows, and panting for his blood! his sick

soul—"sick unto death," turned from object to object with increasing anguish: the only human beings whose love could be relied on were out of his reach; De Castro, though living, was beyond the Atlantic, Gaspar in the grave, and Kara Azick in the hateful empire of Morocco.'

'Though it was his wish and his interest to remain unknown, the mere circumstance of having passed unrecognized by two men whom he had so often noticed, joined to the singular fortune of never having been once suspected for their king by any of the Portuguese, now completed his anguish: distempered in mind, he saw not a single exception to the prevalent forgetfulness; but, wild with grief, with indignation, with blasted expectations, hurried into the barn, and cast himself on a heap of straw: "Leave me my reason, O God!" he exclaimed, in a voice, the tone of which proclaimed a reason just tottering on the verge of madness: at that sound a rustling was heard amongst the straw; Sebastian started up; the next moment a large rough dog sprung towards him, and leaping against his breast, sent forth a cry of joy: "Baremel! Baremel! O heaven, and art thou then the only one?" interrupted by a gush of tenderness, the houseless monarch clasped his dumb friend in his arms; then recollecting the last time he had seen him and the words he had spoken, "Stay, and be loved for my sake!" his heart became so subdued that he burst into tears, and wept with all the vehemence of a woman.'

It is perhaps needless to add that the favourite dog was his parting gift to Gonsalva. After a time, the tumult of his emotions in some degree subsides, and the depravity of his once beloved mistress forms so striking a contrast to the virtues and modest graces of Kara Azick, that, while his mind dwells on the remembrance of the gentle Moor,

'hopes and wishes are awakened, which a few hours previous he would have deemed it impossible for him to feel.'

'Delicacy gives law to woman's heart; honour, to that of man: woman blushes at the idea of entertaining a second passion, yet naturally tender, adheres too tenaciously sometimes to a changed object. Man, accustomed to consider the weaker sex as dependant on him for protection, abhors to exercise his power in proportion as it is easy for him to do so, and while he believes himself beloved, refuses to break through ties of which he may have become weary. Unconsciously this sentiment of honour had long been Gonsalva's auxiliary while Sebastian was in Africa; the transporting emotions caused by Kara Azick's inestimable qualities, and those tenderer ones inspired by her devotedness, had then been uniformly repressed by remembrance rather than by anticipation; when he recollected whole days of exquisite felicity, he paused not to discover, that after having become acquainted with such a being as Kara Azick, the less endearing character of Donna Gonsalva could no longer satisfy him.'

He now remembers a sealed paper which Azick had given him on the night of their separation, with injunctions not to open it till restored to his country.

'No sooner was there light enough to trace the characters made on the vellum, than he hastened to read what he believed would reanimate all his hopes and resolutions: who can describe the dismay which seized upon him, when he found this letter contained Kara Azick's eternal farewell? To procure his freedom and restoration to Donna Gonsalva, this generous friend had consented to become the wife of a grandee, who had long solicited her of her father: by this time she was his and living far from Morocco. Immured within the walls of a haram, her noble and delicate soul had no other enjoyment left than the conviction of having sacrificed herself for the sake of him she loved. It was not from passionate complaint or studied explanation of her feelings that Sebastian gathered the extent of her generosity; no—her relation was simple and brief, yet she was forced to tell him, that by marrying the Basha of Syria, she was binding herself to the customs of his nation, and rendering it impossible for her to retain a male friend.'

Deprived of every fond hope, Sebastian remains for a while overwhelmed with the complication of his misfortunes, but his natural energy at length rousing him to some degree of exertion, he resolves on seeking De Castro (whom he finds the only person who has remained his friend) in another hemisphere, his proud heart still whispering hopes of one day returning with him to a country which should again exult in acknowledging him its sovereign.

'While the vessel was tossing among the turbulent waves of the Atlantic, Portugal's self-exiled monarch had leisure to arrange those events, which, by their painful rapidity, had unsettled his reason: he gave up the hope of happiness; with a moody smile he gave up the hope of blessing his benefactress; but still it was not possible for him to abandon the expectations of regaining his rights, and with them the power of benefitting others. For him there was now no middle station; he must either mount again to empire, or sink to utter desolation; and it was only in the active duties of sovereignty that he could lose the remembrance of his present sufferings.'

Soon after the commencement of their voyage, the ship falls in with and captures a Turkish galley, in which (by one of those lucky chances that occur much more frequently in novels than in real life), the enraptured Sebastian discovers his Kara Azick, who was then on her way to Syria, to espouse the hated basha. After making her acquainted with his situation, he soon overcomes all her doubts and fears, and as-

sured of his tenderness, she willingly consents to become the partner of his cares. Their voyage is for a time prosperous, but at last a fatal storm arises, and the vessel is wrecked upon the perilous coasts of Tarradunt and Suz.

'It was at this moment that Sebastian yielded to despair: he pressed Kara Azick in his arms with convulsive strength, while he repeated wildly, "You perish, Azick! and my love cannot save you." "I perish on thy bosom, in thy heart!" she said, faintly fixing on him her asking eyes swimming in grief and bliss—"Yes, in my heart, Azick," he exclaimed vehemently, "I call God to witness at this awful moment, that you only share my thoughts with him!" Azick raised her speaking eyes to Heaven with a look of ineffable emotion—"O grant," she cried, "divine Prophet, that we may live together in thy paradise!"—at that expression, mortal pains seized Sebastian, his blood froze, cold damps stood on his forehead—Azick, the beloved and generous Azick, was a mahometan, and in the other world they would never be re-united. Pierced with pious sorrow, he uttered a deep groan, his arms lost their strength, they slackened their hold, and the sea breaking over them, carried with it the last earthly blessing of Sebastian.'

Quite deprived of all power of action, Sebastian would have sunk with his mistress in the waves, but for the cares of his faithful Baremel, who conveys him safely to the shore; he is there surrounded by natives, and once more becomes a slave. After many months passed in the most hopeless despondency, he has the unexpected delight of finding that his Azick still lives (having been preserved, we think, rather miraculously), and that she has returned in safety to the dwelling of her father. Many and various, however, are the barriers that still oppose the union of the lovers; but at last, after a series of adventures, which form perhaps the least interesting part of the work, they are married, and again set sail for the Brazils. Nothing material occurs during the voyage, except Sebastian's being converted to the protestant faith, by his moorish bride, a circumstance that appears rather extraordinary, but which is accounted for, by the pious cares of an English lady, who, while a captive in El Hader's house, had, by her powerful reasonings, caused Azick to abjure the mahometan creed. They are received by De Castro, with exultation and delight, and though circumstances render seclusion and secrecy advisable for the present, he never relinquishes the darling hope of being one day instrumental to his master's restoration.

Years pass on in all the tranquil enjoyments of retirement, and the domestic felicity of the banished Sebastian and his incomparable wife is only transiently clouded by the remem-

brance of past wrongs. De Castro is at length recalled to Portugal, and, on returning to his native land, evinces the utmost zeal in the cause of his sovereign, and spares no endeavours to interest foreign powers in his favour. It would exceed the limits of our paper to recount the hopes and fears that alternately animate and depress the strong mind of Sebastian, or the various trials which await him on his return to Europe. We will only give one more extract; it describes the visit made by the Duke of Sidonia to the galley in which Sebastian is confined, to determine whether there is any truth in his assertion of being king of Portugal.

'Hyppolito was the first to spring on deck: he looked eagerly round, and immediately singled out the august object of his search. Removed from the other slaves, in a lonely quarter of the ship, he saw a man seated, with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground; his single garment was coarse and dark; his head and limbs were without covering; but the large and noble proportions of those once powerful limbs, and the majestic air of that head, denoted him to be the king of Portugal. Hyppolito hastily advanced, and his quick breathing stirred the attention of Sebastian; he looked up, his eyes met those of Hyppolito, who felt them enter into his soul. By a sudden impulse, the young man half bent his knee; surprise and inquiry illuminated the countenance he was observing. Sebastian slowly arose, and as he did so, his youthful companion heard the clank of chains. Such an expression of shame and indignation banished the air of veneration with which Hyppolito was looking at him, that Sebastian understood what passed in his mind. "Young man," said he, "blush not for me—blush for my oppressors and my coward friends! Deserved punishment is disgrace, but unmerited oppression, if nobly borne, is glory!"—He moved away as he concluded, leaving Hyppolito gazing after his kingly step and yet commanding figure.'

The duke (Hyppolito's father) is immediately convinced that the true Sebastian is before him; but, more forcibly to prove the fact to those around him, he places before the king a large heap of armour, from which the king instantly selects the sword he had himself presented to the duke, on his departure for Africa, and which from its plainness would have been passed over by an impostor.

'The deck of the galley became for a while a scene of confusion and strong emotion. Sebastian alone was little moved; he was no longer to be deceived by vain hopes; he knew that all those people would go home convinced of his truth, pitying his misfortunes, and earnest in wishing them at an end; but that in a short time their wonder and their concern would cease, he would be forgotten and left to his fate.'

We must allow that this novel possesses a merit which few can boast, that the interest is well sustained to the end, and that indeed no part appeared to us more admirably managed than the concluding pages. But we cannot take our leave without regretting that Miss Porter should have thought it necessary to usher it into the world with an introduction, that we own appeared to us rather ridiculous; we agree with her in thinking, that 'the pen of history has seldom recorded a more affecting event than that which bore the house of Braganza to another hemisphere,' but it is impossible not to lament that the poor prince regent, in addition to all his other woes, should have been burthened with so unconscionable a roll of paper as the four volumes of Don Sebastian; and though we would by no means insinuate that his burthen was less precious than that of the pious Æneas (to which it is compared) we could wish at least that Miss Porter had allowed him to carry it in a more convenient as well as roomy receptacle than the inside of his waistcoat. We have some doubts too, whether it is quite fair, while a man is still living, (though in the new world) to invent so very dull and unnecessary a speech for him as is here assigned the prince.

Considerable objections might also be made to the style in which this romance is composed, Miss Porter, as well as some other female writers, whom it has been our fate to criticise, evidently at times mistaking affectation for sentiment, and inflation for elegance or sublimity. But we are not in a censuring mood, and have already extended our article to more than the convenient length.

ART. III.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years* 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, *and* 1806. *By George Viscount Valentia.* (Continued from p. 266.)

ON the 13th of March, 1804, Lord Valentia left India, after a residence of fifteen months. He embarked for the Red Sea on board the Antelope brig, commanded by Captain Keys, who had received orders from Marquis Wellesley at Calcutta to consider himself under the command of Lord Valentia. On the 12th of April the African coast was in view. On the 15th the Antelope anchored at night near Cape Aden in Back Bay. The town was on the eastern side of the head-land, whither his lordship sailed the next day.

'The bottom of every bay,' says Lord V. 'was a sandy

beach; beyond that ran a chain of mountains at a distance. I never beheld a more dreary scene; nor one that less accorded with the idea that might be formed of the country, from the beautiful description of Milton: no "Sabean odours" came off to gratify our senses, from the shore, nor did they ever exist there, but in the mind of the poet, as a more wretched country does not exist; for the myrrh and frankincense come from the opposite coast, though the Arabs were, and are still, the medium of conveyance to Europe.'

On the 17th, Lord V. Mr. Salt, &c. ascended a ridge of hills, from the summit of which they had a clear view of Cape Bab-el-Mandel, and the island of Perim. They afterwards proceeded along the shore to point Bab-el-Mandel. The air was so hot as to scorch the skin, and two officers of the ship, who bathed, 'were of a perfectly red colour.'

'I am convinced,' says Lord Valentia, 'that the straits are not above three miles wide. We all took the precaution of anointing our faces; those who had their bodies exposed suffered severely; we, who were more prudent, escaped with losing the skin off our noses.'

Lord Valentia landed at Mocha on the 18th of May, when Mr. Pringle invited him to the factory, where he resided during his stay; but as his lordship afterwards made a longer continuance at this place, we shall follow his plan, and give no account of Mocha till we arrive at a later period of his travels. We shall omit the dry details of Lord V.'s journal till the 24th of May, when he landed at Massowah, where he experienced an amicable reception from the nayib. The nayib told Lord V. that the island was his, and begged that he would make what use he pleased of it. A house was prepared for him, and he was requested to continue in it during his stay.

'To this,' says Lord V. 'I assented. Coffee was brought, after the Arab fashion, in very small cups, without milk or sugar; these were placed in larger ones of gilt filagree, to prevent the fingers from being burnt. Afterwards a caftan of red silk was thrown over my shoulders. They inquired who Mr. Salt was, and on being informed he was my secretary, there was some confusion, and a man went out. I now wished to take my leave, but was desired to stay till my house was ready. I suspected what afterwards proved to be the case. A man entered, and immediately a caftan of blue cloth with yellow silk facings, was thrown over Mr. Salt.'

After this interview our noble traveller retired to a small house, which had been prepared for him by the sea-side. He

found several couches in a stone-built room, some with carpets, and some with blankets thrown over them. The room was rendered comparatively cool, by the thickness of the walls, and the many openings, which admitted the sea breeze.

'The Banians,' says he, 'attended me, and I was soon overpowered with visitors. After obtaining some sherbet, I sent off Mr. Salt to inform the captain of what had passed, and to invite him on shore. My servant went also to bring back the things necessary for my stay. I then told my visitors I wished to go to sleep, and they all immediately retired.' 'The thermometer was at 94° in a stone built room, the walls of which were four feet thick, and a pleasant sea-breeze playing through it. We slept on our couches without any covering, and found the air pleasant.'

'On the hills of Jibbel Gidden, and those behind Arkeko, are elephants, the teeth of which are exported: from Habesh they send gee, hides, gold dust, civet, sheep, and slaves. Of the latter the number is lately much lessened; a very satisfactory circumstance, and a proof of the increasing civilization of that country. The Suakin trade in slaves is, they say, proportionably augmenting. In return they send up British broad-cloth, arms, ammunition. and the different manufactures of India: a little grain is also brought from Abyssinia.' 'The houses are each surrounded by a fence of reeds: the rooms are detached, and built of the same: within they are lined with mats. The common people are extremely civil, and no one carries any arms, except the immediate family of the nayib. My ascar had no weapon except a stick. The natives did not seem jealous of their women, who came down to bathe and perform their ablutions close to the place where I sat, without any appearance of shame.'

On the night of the 11th of June, while Lord V. was at Massowah, he heard 'a most terrible uproar of women screaming and crying,' which he found to be occasioned by intelligence of the death of the master of one of the neighbouring houses.

'Early in the morning all the women in the town were down at the water side in their best clothes, to wash themselves and the widow in the sea, after having assisted her all night in her lamentations. At the end of four months she may marry again. None of them attempted to keep their faces covered. Their dress consisted of two pieces of the striped cloths of Arabia, one worn round their middle, and another over their shoulders, but both without any making. Their hair was plaited, whether woolly or not; the pains taken with these plaits, when the former is the case, conquers nature, and gives a length of several inches to the hair. They wore ornaments of beads, small hoop ear-rings of gold or silver, and sequins. The dress of the men is nearly similar. The higher order wear the Arab dress, or a

plain shirt and drawers of the same: the common people a single wrapper round the middle. They use sandals as drawn by Niebuhr.'

Lord V. says, that the people of Massowah are from the highest to the lowest importunate beggars, and he found them by experience occasionally thieves.

Lord V. left Massowah, and went on board the Antelope on the 19th of June; on the 24th the ship anchored near Mocha. His lordship had, for the present, been frustrated in his design of exploring the western coast of the Red Sea, as far as Suakin, by the impediments which were thrown in his way by Captain Keys, the commander of the Antelope. After leaving Mocha, his lordship arrived on the 18th of July in Aden roads. The town of Aden was once the great mart of the Arabian trade, which has since been transferred to Mocha, a much less convenient situation. Aden is said to be the only good sea-port in Arabia Felix, and when we consider that the town offers such points of defence, as would, if properly fortified, render it impregnable, that the harbour may be quitted at all seasons, and that it enjoys every facility for an extensive trade with Arabia, we are rather surprized that it should have so long escaped the ambitious grasp, or the politic seizure of the government of Calcutta. Aden is at present 'nearly a heap of ruins, out of which two minarets and two mosques rear their white-washed heads.'

On the 14th of September we find Lord Valentia landing at Bombay, where he makes a journey to Poonah, and pays his respects to the Paishwa. On his way he had several distressing spectacles of the effects of famine, which then raged in that part of India. We select the following. At Campaly his lordship saw

'several wretches who were too weak to raise themselves up, to receive the charity that was offered them. Close to the choultry were bodies in every state of decay; some with their clothes on, that could not have been dead above a day or two; others with only a small portion of flesh left on their bones, by the vultures and jackalls.'

At the village of Candalla

'there is a very large tank, and below it a plain, which exhibited a more horrid spectacle than Campaly; above one hundred dead bodies lay upon it, on which the vultures and Paria dogs were feeding: famine was in every face; several houses were uninhabited, and the last victims had never been removed from the places where they perished.'

On his return to Bombay his lordship visited the celebrated

caves of Carli, of the principal of which we find a very good engraving by Landseer, from the delineation of Mr. Salt.

'The length of the whole is one hundred and twenty-six feet, the breadth forty-six feet. No figures of any deities are to be found within the pagoda, but the walls of the vestibule are covered with carvings in alto relievo of elephants, of human figures of both sexes, and of Boodh, who is represented in some places as sitting cross-legged, with his hands in the posture common among the Cingalese; in others he is erect, but in all he is attended by figures in the act of adoration; and in one place two figures, standing on the lotus, are fanning him with chouries, while two others are suspending a rich crown over his head. I think, therefore, that it is beyond dispute, that the whole was dedicated to Boodh.' 'The followers of Boodh no longer worship here; the country is in possession of their great enemies, the Brahmins, and the pagoda itself is considered as haunted by evil spirits, in defiance of the vicinity of the holy goddess Bowannie; so much so, that the native draughtsman, who drew the cave at Ellora, for Sir Charles Mallet, could not be induced to accompany us by any persuasion of Colonel Close, declaring that, if he did, the evil spirit would injure him.' 'A line of caves extends from about one hundred and fifty yards to the north of the great one. These are all flat roofed, of a square form, and appear to have been destined for the attendants on the pagoda. In the last is a figure of Boodh, and in another is an inscription. They evidently were never finished. A veil at present is suspended over the relative antiquity of the Boodhists and the Brahmins, which may possibly be hereafter removed; but these hopes are lessened by the recollection, that all the learning that has yet been found in India has been in the possession of the Brahmins, who seem to have completely triumphed over their dangerous rivals, the Boodhists, who profanely gave precedence to the royal cast, above the holy race of the priesthood.'

The following circumstance, which is related by Lord V in this part of his travels, places the patience and resignation of the Hindoos in a striking point of view.

'During the whole of the late dreadful famine, grain has passed up to Poonah through villages where the inhabitants were perishing themselves, and, what is still more dreadful, seeing their nearest relatives perishing for want, without a single tumult having taken place, or a single convoy having been intercepted.'

Our noble author returned to Bombay on November 1. Bombay has been rapidly rising into consequence since its cession to the English in 1662, as part of the portion of Queen Catharine of Portugal.

'Towards the sea Bombay is extremely strong, and battery

above battery completely commands the harbour; to the land side it by no means offers the same resistance; but this is of little consequence, as at present were an enemy once landed, and capable of making regular approaches, the town must surrender. The houses, which are lofty and combustible, approach so close to the walls, that were they once in flames, it would be impossible for any troops to stand on the ramparts. A bombardment would lay the whole town in ashes in a few hours, and even the magazines themselves would probably share the same fate.'

There is no place, says Lord Valentia, in our Indian possessions, where we are so vulnerable as at Bombay, 'from the smallness of the surrounding territory, and the distance from which all supplies must be drawn.' Lord V. informs us, that most of the situations in the marine arsenal of Bombay have sunk into sinecure employments; and, if his information be correct, the abuses which prevail in the dock-yard of this settlement are not to be paralleled even by those which have been discovered in the dock-yards of this country. The establishment of the dock-yard at Bombay

'is almost entirely composed of Persees.' 'The person, who contracts to supply the timber, and the person who examines it, are both Persees; consequently the articles are frequently of inferior quality. The master builder has only people of his own persuasion under him; no complaint therefore is ever made of neglect of work on the one hand, or of overcharges on the other.'

The dock-yard is said to be a fashionable lounging place for all the idlers of the town, and many of the artificers only make their appearance to answer to their names at roll-call, without any possibility of detection, as the yard is a sort of public thoroughfare: and 'they may pass and repass as often as they choose.'

'The view from the fort is extremely beautiful towards the bay, whose smooth expanse is here and there broken by the islands, that are, many of them, covered with wood, while the lofty and whimsically shaped hills of the table land, form a striking back ground to the landscape. The sea is on three sides of it, and on the fourth an esplanade, at the extremity of which is the Black Town, embosomed in a grove of cocoa-nut trees.'

The situation is said to be unhealthy, and the liver complaint more frequent and more fatal than in any other part of India. The generality of the country houses at Bombay

'are comfortable and elegant; and if they have not the splendid Grecian porticos of Calcutta and Madras, they are probably

better adapted to the climate, and have most unquestionably the advantage of beautiful views; for even the island of Bombay itself is broken by several beautiful hills, either covered by cocoa-nut trees, groves, or villas of the inhabitants.'

'The greater proportion of the inhabitants of Bombay are Persees, descendants of the ancient Persians,' who escaped from the persecutions of Shah Abbas in the sixteenth century. There is not, says his lordship, an European house of trade in which one of them has not a share, and in general it is the Persee who contributes the largest portion of the capital. 'Their influence is very great, and the kind of brotherly connection that subsists among them enables them to act with the force of an united family.' Lord V. was most magnificently entertained by Ardiseer Dady, one of the richest members of the Persees. Liqueurs were placed opposite each Persee, which they drank in glasses as freely as wine.

'We had a very good set of nautch-girls, which much pleased Sir James Machintosh, who had not before seen this Asiatic amusement.' 'To the credit of the Persee humanity, they provide for all their poor; and to the credit of their private morals, there is not a single prostitute or mistress to a gentleman, of their cast, in the settlement.'

Lord V. commends their manners as conciliatory and mild, and gives them the preference to all the subjects of the British empire in the east.

'The beauty of the esplanade, every morning and evening, is greatly heightened by the votaries of the sun, who crowd there in their white flowing garments and coloured turbans, to hail his rising, or pay respect, by their humble prostration to his parting rays. On this occasion the females do not appear, but they still go to the wells for water, as did the wives of the ancient patriarchs.'

Our noble traveller visited the caves of Kenneri, in the island of Salsette, which are similar to those at Carli, but inferior in size, in ornament, and execution. The greater part of the island of Salsette 'remains an useless jungle, instead of being converted into fields of rice and plantations of sugar.' Lord V. afterwards visited the island of Elephanta, which 'rears its woody head nearly in the centre of the bay.'

On the 4th of Dec. we find Lord Valentia again at sea; he passed Aden early on the morning of the 18th, and the same night entered the straits of Bab-el-Mandel, and 'at seven anchored considerably to the northward of the north fort of Mocha.' The violence of the gale did not permit his lordship to land till the 22d, when the dola, or governor, seem-

ed inclined to pay him more attention than he had on a former occasion, and, at the end of his interview, conducted him 'the whole length of the room quite to the door, *a compliment he* (the dola) *never before paid to any one.*'

At Mocha, Lord Valentia was fortunate enough to procure a pilot, who 'had been thirty years sailing between Mocha and Suakin.' Our traveller and his party left Mocha again on the 2d of January, 1805. On the 5th they anchored off Dhalac, when Captain Court, Mr. Salt, and Captain Rudland went on shore, and made preparations for completing the survey of the island. This they executed by the 14th, and his lordship has inserted Mr. Salt's account of their proceedings. The island appears to be upon the whole rather a steril spot. The mimosas, with which it abounds, brave the most burning heat, and afford nourishment to the numerous goats as well as to the camels, which roam about without constraint. Mr. Salt verified several of the facts which are related by Bruce, but found him inaccurate in some particulars, in which he trusted too implicitly to the information of the natives. One of the oldest inhabitants of the island 'confirmed to me,' says Mr. Salt, 'the names of all the islands we had seen in the morning, which agree most perfectly with what Bruce has called them. He recognised every island, excepting two mentioned by Bruce, as I named them from the book.' But Bruce's *three hundred and seventy cisterns, all hewn out of the solid rock,* were found to amount in reality to less than twenty; but Mr. Salt had heard a traditionary account of three hundred and sixteen tanks. Lord V. thinks that Bruce was never on the island of Dhalac; but this does not follow, because he did not take such an accurate survey of it as Mr. Salt or Captain Court, or because he sometimes relates what he heard, instead of what he saw.

Lord V. commences, c. vi. of vol. ii. with some pertinent geographical observations on the true positions of Aduli, Ptolemais Theron, Berenice, and other places on the Red Sea, mentioned by the ancient geographers, and particularly the author of the Periplûs. He supposes the stadium used by the latter, in the calculation of distances, to be the Egyptian of fifteen to a mile. He considers the island of Diodórus as the modern Toualout, and the position of the ancient Aduli to accord with that of the present Arkeko. Orine he supposes to be Valentia island. The sandy islets called Alalaiou, which cluster round the island of Dhalac, are an evidence of the descriptive accuracy of the author of the Periplûs. The position of Aduli, in the bay of Massowah, is supported by the Abyssinian exports of ivory and rhinoceros'

horns, and the imports of European and Indian goods, which are still carried by the ancient route through the passes of the mountains to and from Massowah. Lord V. places Aduli in N. lat. 15° 36′, Ptolemais Theron 18° 56′, and Berenice in 23° 22′.

In sailing along the western coast of the Red Sea, from Massowah, Lord V. says, 'We were astonished, when in twenty-two fathoms, with the white appearance of breakers, when the captain immediately let go the anchor. The pilots declared that it was only fish, and so it proved; for soon afterwards, it approached and passed under the vessel.' The same circumstance happened to Don Juan de Castro, who says, that it emitted flames like fire; 'which,' adds Lord Valentia, 'confirms the conjecture that the brilliant appearance of the sea is owing to fish spawn and animalculæ.' When they approached the ancient site of Ptolemais Theron, they could discern large groves of trees stretching into the country, and others to the north on the sea shore. Lions, panthers, and elephants are said to abound; it was from this point that Ptolemy Philadelphus procured these animals, and he established the port of Ptolemais Theron, for the convenience of hunting them.

Lord V. says, that Port Mornington, which he places in N. lat. 18° 15′, is the best harbour in the Red Sea; that it is accessible without any danger at any season of the year, and will afford to any ships, not only a secure asylum, but a supply of water and fresh provisions. Port Mornington is in nearly the same latitude as Asseez, or Ptolemais Theron. At Suakin Lord V. was received in a very friendly manner by the Turkish dola.

'After sitting an hour, sherbet, made with honey, was handed about. Afterwards a khelaut was put over my shoulders, which, to my great surprise, was of the most holy colour, green. Such a gift would never have been permitted in Turkey a few years ago. Even the wearing a bit of that colour would have been dangerous to a christian. It was handsomely lined with ermine.'

The town of Suakin is nearly in ruins, 'two minars give it a handsome appearance at a distance; and the buildings, being white-washed and on an elevation, look much better than they really are. It covers the whole of a small island, as it did in the days of De Castro;' but it no longer enjoys the extensive trade which it then possessed. The port, however, still retains itsformer advantages.

Lord V. took his departure from Suakin on the 26th of February. He sailed through a new and perilous passage,

among the shoals beyond Salaka, but was prevented from reaching Macowar, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances.

'Although,' says his lordship, 'I was not so fortunate as to reach Macowar, yet I was sufficiently near to it to convince myself that the accounts I had received at Massowah and Suakin, of its actual position, were perfectly true, and that Mr. Bruce's adventures at, and near it, were complete romances. I confess that I always had some doubts in my mind respecting this voyage from Cosseir, from the account he gives of his taking a prodigious mat sail, distended by the wind, then blowing a gale, in his arms, and yet having one hand at liberty to cut it in pieces with a knife. Nor could I more easily credit his finding, at Jibbel Zumrud or Sibergeit, the pits still remaining, "five in number, none of them four feet in diameter, from which the ancients were said to have drawn their emeralds." That five wells should now exist, which have not been worked since the days of the Romans holding Egypt, a period of thirteen centuries, in a country where the sand is driven about by incessant gales; that he should find a man who had twice before visited these unworked mines situated in a desert country; and, above all, that he should there have found "nozzles and some fragments of lamps," still lying on the brink of these wells, which would have been covered with sand by one single shemaul or north-wester, are circumstances of such extreme improbability, that nothing but the highest character for veracity could induce me to believe the person who narrated them.'

Lord V. adds, that Mr. Bruce has borne damning testimony to his want of veracity, by giving false suppositious latitudes.

'He declares that, by his own observations, Jibbel Zumrud is in lat. 25° 3′ N. when, in fact, it is a place as well known as any part of the Red Sea, and is in 23° 48′. It might be supposed that this is an error of the press, were it not that he has placed the island in the same latitude in his extraordinary chart, of which I shall have to speak hereafter; and also that the account of his voyage renders a lower latitude impossible.'

Lord V. contends that the whole voyage of Mr. Bruce from Cosseir to Macowar is an episodical fiction, compiled from the accounts of other navigators, and the information which he might have collected at Jidda. We shall leave it to the learned author of the life of Mr. Bruce (see Murray's Life of Bruce, C. R. January, p. 68) to vindicate his fame.

On the 27th of March Lord Valentia again arrived at Mocha, and took up his residence in the British factory.

'The appearance of Mocha from the sea is tolerably hand-

some, as all the buildings are white-washed, and the three minarets of the mosques rise to a considerable height. The uniform line of the flat-roofed houses is also broken by several tombs, which are called Kobas, after the celebrated mosque at that place, which was consecrated by Mahommed himself, and was similar to them in its construction, being a square edifice covered with a circular dome.'

But the moment the traveller passes the gates, the sentiment of beauty is completely banished by the filth which abounds in every street.

The windows of the houses are

'in general small, stuck into the wall in an irregular manner, closed with lattices, and sometimes opening into a wooden carved-work balcony. In the upper apartments there is generally a range of circular windows above the others, filled by thin strata of a transparent stone, which is found in veins in a mountain near Sana. None of these can be opened, and only a few of the lower ones, in consequence of which a thorough air is rare in their lower houses; yet the people of rank do not seem oppressed by the heat, which is frequently almost insupportable to an European. The floors as well as the roofs of the larger houses are made of chunam, which is sustained by beams, with pieces of plank, or thin sticks of wood laid across, and close to each other. As they never use a level, the floors are extremely uneven, but this is a trifling inconvenience to people who never use chairs or tables, but are always reclining on couches, supported on every side by cushions. The internal construction of their houses is uniformly bad. The passages are long and narrow, and the staircases so steep, that it is frequently difficult to mount them. At the dola's, numerous doors are well secured on the landing places, to prevent any sudden hostile attack. Little lime is used in any of their buildings; a constant care is therefore necessary to prevent the introduction of moisture; but with caution they last for many years. If, however, a house is neglected, it speedily becomes a heap of rubbish; the walls returning to their original state of mud, from which they had been formed into bricks by the heat of the sun alone. The wooden materials very soon vanish in a country where firing is extremely scarce, so that even the ruins of cities, which were celebrated for their magnificence in former times, may now be sought for in vain.

'The best houses are all facing the sea, and chiefly to the north of the sea gate. The British factory is a large and lofty building, but has most of the inconveniences of an Arab house. It is, however, far superior to the French or Danish factories, which are rapidly falling to decay. The lower order of Arabs live in huts, composed of wicker work, covered on the inside with mats, and sometimes on the outside with a little clay. The roofs are uniformly thatched. A small yard is fenced off in

front of each house, but this is too small to admit a circulation of air. It is singular that these habitations should be crowded close together, while a large part of the space within the walls is left unoccupied.'

The walls of the town are not more than sixteen feet high towards the sea, though they are in some places thirty towards the land. But they are too thin to resist the impression of artillery: and the broadside of an English man of war would soon beat down either the walls or the forts. The guns of the batteries were purchased from infidels, and were consequently reckoned too profane for use, till they had been hallowed by enlarging the touch-hole to such a size as to destroy the effect of the explosion. When any of the garrison are on guard at the different gates, 'they recline on couches, with their match-locks lying neglected by their sides; while their right hand is occupied, either in sustaining a pipe or a cup of coffee' This is rather a picturesque delineation of the indolence of Mussulmauns.

The Jews, who inhabit an extensive village without the town, carry on a lucrative but pernicious trade, in a spirit which they extract from the date, which is drunk in secret by the followers of Mahommed, who are not very rigid in observing their vows of abstinence from spirituous fermentations. When any connection is discovered between a christian and an Arabian woman, the head of the latter is shaved and blackened, and she is led round the town on a jack-ass, and exposed to the derision of the populace. But this punishment does not seem to render Mahommedan chastity insuperable to Christian gold.

'The Arabs are in general a healthy race of people, fevers being very unusual, though severe colds are common during the cooler months. Ulcers are so prevalent, that it is rare to see a person without a mark from them on the legs; this is chiefly owing to their bad treatment; they only apply a piece of wax to the wound, which is never changed till it falls off; cleanliness is indeed no quality of an Arab, either in his person or habitation. The part of his dress which is concealed is rarely changed till it is worn out, and it was a work of the greatest difficulty to force the servants to keep even the British factory free from accumulations of nuisances in every part. The form is gone through, every morning, of sweeping a path across the square from the dola's house to his stables; yet at the same time, a dunghill is formed under his windows, by the filth thrown out from his zenana, so extremely offensive, as often to induce the Europeans to take a circuit to avoid it.

'The Arabs, when very young, have an expressive, but mild countenance, and a pleasing eye. As they become men, the

change is very disadvantageous; their figures are not good, and the beard is generally scanty; but in advanced age, their appearance is truly venerable. The fine dark eye is then admirably contrasted by the long white beard, and the loose drapery prevents the meager figure from being observed. The few women who were visible had rather pretty countenances, but, in contrast to the males, their legs were of an astonishing thickness. An exchange in this respect, would be greatly to the advantage of both parties.'

The character of the Arabs, which is given by Lord Valentia, exhibits that people in a point of view much more unfavourable than that in which they are usually regarded by Europeans.

'A longer residence,' says he, 'among the Arabs, settled in towns, has only increased the detestation and contempt with which I behold them. They have all the vices of civilized society, without having quitted those of a savage state. Scarcely possessed of a single good quality, they believe themselves superior to every other nation; and though inveterate cowards, they are cruel and revengeful. Superstitious followers of Mahommed, they do not obey one moral precept of the koran, and though they perform the prescribed ablutions with strict regularity, yet I never heard of a vice, natural or unnatural, which they do not practise and avow; and though they pray at regulated times to the Deity, yet they also address their prayers to more saints than are to be found in the Romish calendar. Hypocrisy and deceit are so natural to them, that they prefer telling a lie, to speaking the truth, even when urged to do so by any motive of interest. To this they are trained from their youth, and it forms a principal part of their education. As a government, they are extortioners and tyrants; as traders, they are fraudulent and corrupt; as individuals, they are sunk into the lowest state of ignorance and debauchery; and in short, require to be civilized more than the inhabitants of the South Seas.'

In p. 357, we have an anecdote of Sir Home Popham which we do not recollect to have heard before, but which seems to accord with the characteristic traits of that *enterprizing* and *modest* gentleman, as they have been exhibited in America and in Europe. When this admiral was in the Red Sea, he

'endeavoured to make his way to Sana as an ambassador, but was obliged to return, as I have been informed by Mr. Pringle, in no very pleasant manner; though attended, when he set out, by a guard of one hundred marines, who ought either not to have been taken, or to have been employed in protecting him from insult.'

Hence we see that Sir Home Popham, who had previously tried the mercantile and the military character, wished to make an experiment of the diplomatic. But he appears to have been the first diplomatist who ever travelled towards the capital of the power where he designed to exercise his ambassadorial functions, with a *guard of one hundred marines*. This guard was not sufficient to protect him from indignities, which he seems very tamely to have endured.

The Imaum is the only horse-dealer in his dominions.

'The Arab system of riding totally destroys a horse in a very short time. He is taught only to walk, canter, or gallop, as at the menage; and when at full speed is made to stop short by means of a strong bit, which ruins his mouth in a year, while the force employed throws him on his haunches, and very frequently founders him at an early age.'

'The country in the vicinity of Mocha is more dreary than can well be conceived; to the foot of the mountains it is an arid sand, covered with a saline efflorescence, and producing in abundance the common mimosa, and a species of salicornia, whose embrowned leaves, and burnt appearance, gives (give) little idea of vegetation. Near the town the date-trees are in profusion, but their stunted growth shews the difference between the soil of Arabia and the fertile plains of India; where a brackish well has given an opportunity of raising a few vegetables, the scene is still cheerless, from the fence of dried reeds, which is alone visible.'

From certain calculations, which Lord Valentia states in this part of his work, we learn that Mocha coffee might be brought direct to England in British vessels, and cost only 6l. 18s. 10d. per cwt. 'were it not for the insuperable impediment of the Red Sea being within the charter of the East India company.' The Americans have, within the last five years, opened a trade with Mocha, and they can afford to sell it in America for 6l. 18s. 10d. per cwt. The competition, which was excited at Mocha by the arrival of the American traders, raised the price of gum arabic, myrrh, and frankincence, as well as of coffee. The American embargo caused a suspension of this effect; but it will probably soon occur again, when the Americans are not unlikely to become the venders of the produce of the east to the nations of Europe, to the exclusion of the British mercantile interest.

Sir Home Popham, from what cause we shall not inquire, was frustrated in his attempt to reach Sana, but it has been twice visited by Mr. Pringle, the acting resident at Mocha. According to Mr. Pringle, Sana is situated in latitude 15° 20′ N. and longitude 46° 45′ east of Greenwich. It is said

to be a handsome town and surrounded by gardens; the air is cool, and the soil produces an abundance of grain and a profusion of fruit.

On Nov. 3, we find Lord V. again leaving Mocha, and embarking for Massowah, where he arrived on the 7th, and had the great satisfaction of learning that Mr. Salt, whom his lordship had dispatched into Abyssinia, was on the road near Arkeko, and would be with him the same day. Mr. Salt had been attended in this expedition by Captain Rudland and Mr. Carter. The baharnegash of Dixan accompanied them on their return, and Mr. Salt had also with him a servant of the Ras.

'The baharnegash,' says Lord Valentia, 'visited us every day. We worked the guns for him, and made the Sepoys go through their exercise. He was much astonished and delighted, and said that twelve such men would enable the Ras to beat the Galla. I represented to him that the arms were procurable from the English in abundance, if the trade could be opened. He would not eat with us, but drank spirits or wine, and was pleased with sweetmeats. He was astonished at the number of pieces of china on the table at breakfast and dinner, and always counted them. He was in high spirits, and seemed greatly pleased with the presents we made him, which consisted of a fine piece of kincaub, one hundred dollars in money, a razor, some china, sweetmeats, coffee, snuff, and a number of other little articles. He told us that he had always supposed all the articles brought to Massowah were made in Arabia, but he now found they came first from us. The Ras had sent me his own knife, spear, and shield, and a very fine piece of Habesh cloth; in return I presented him with my silver chourie, an article of great use in Habesh, a bottle of lavender water, of which I heard he was very fond, and a pair of razors.

'Nathaniel Pierce, who had accompanied Mr. Salt, was induced by the Ras to stay in the country. Should any connexion take place between Habesh and India, his being there, and understanding the language, will be advantageous. Mr. Salt left him every thing he could spare, and we sent him several other articles which he had mentioned in his letters. I also procured from Captain Court two of the ship's muskets, some powder, flints, and balls. He had a gun, so that he was the best armed man in Habesh. I wrote to Mr. Pringle to procure me six more, in consequence of the Ras's promise to give him a district when he had six matchlocks. He is a clever fellow, and will, I have no doubt, do well. He had several female protectors, and they have as much power in Habesh as elsewhere. He draws a little, which pleased the priests, for whom he manufactured saints in abundance. I sent him some money, and secured him more, should he wish to leave the country. I entrusted every thing to Hadje Hassan to be sent to Pacha Abdallah, as the safest con-

veyance. The baharnegash declared to me, in the most solemn manner, that he would protect Pierce with his life, I also sent Pacha Abdallah a handsome present of kincaub, requesting his friendship for this poor fellow: from the same motive I gave another to Hadje Hassan himself, who, in an equally solemn manner, promised to be his friend, I have great hopes of this man's ultimately increasing our knowledge of the interior of Africa. He meant to return by Senaar; he might then be induced to join the Kafla to Tombucto, for which he is well qualified, by his knowledge of the Arabic, and by his having conformed to the religion of Mahommed, and knowing their prayers perfectly.'

Mr. Salt's journal, with the exception of an appendix, occupies the remainder of the volume.

'Our party,' says Mr. Salt, 'on quitting Arkeko, consisted of the following persons. Myself; Captain Rudland; Mr. Carter; Hamed Chamie, an interpreter, likewise from Mocha, who spoke English well; Pierce, an English servant, who spoke a little Arabic; two Arabian servants, Seid, and Ageeb, a boy from Massowah, who spoke the language of the country and Arabic; and an old man who carried our pedometer: total in number, ten. We were accompanied also by an old Mussulmaun sheik, and his little boy, going up into the country on a trading expedition, both of whom continued with us the whole of our journey, and proved very attentive and useful.

Our guard consisted of about twenty-five of the Nayib's Ascari; beside whom we had a guide belonging to the Shiho tribe, and about ten camel-drivers, natives of the country.'

Mr. Salt and his party passed to the south, through well-cultivated gardens. About a mile and a half from Arkeko, they came to six wells, from which the town receives a scanty supply of fresh water. These wells are near twenty feet deep, and above fifteen in diameter. The water is so nearly exhausted by the evening, that, what rises in the centre of each well, is taken up with a flat vessel like a skimming-dish; when it is 'put into skins, and brought up a broken ascent by men, women, and children in a state of perfect nudity.' The villages and gardens, as they proceeded, were protected by a fence, formed from large branches of the thorny acacia. They slept at night on the rising ground called by Bruce Shillokeeb, and by the natives Shillikee. They recommenced their march, the next morning, about half past two, as soon as the moon arose. The acacia, which grows to the height of forty feet, nearly covered the face of the country.

'After being wearied,' says Mr. Salt 'with the sun-burnt foliage of the acacia, we were much gratified with the sight of green trees at a distance, indicating the presence of fresh water.'

The party soon reached a torrent called Weah. As they advanced farther into the country, the guard of Ascari, which they had received from the nayib, began to display their rapacity and insolence; and Mr. Salt thinks they were restrained from the most sanguinary violence, only by the superior fire-arms of himself and his associates. They passed the second night at a station called Markela, which was then occupied by a tribe of the Hazorta, whom the drought had brought into the low country.

'Their encampment was nearly circular, and about a hundred yards in diameter, well fenced with thorns and brushwood; within was a circle of rude huts, composed of sticks and mats, and placed at equal distances from each other; while the vacant space in the centre formed a secure resting-place, during the night, for their goats and sheep, of which they had an ample stock.'

On the 22d of July our travellers were gratified by the arrival of ten mules, which the Ras sent under the charge of an Abyssinian christian, to convey them and their baggage to his presence at Autalow. With these mules and a train of thirteen camels, Mr. Salt and his party made a respectable appearance. 'The road,' says he, 'seemed perfectly secure, and well frequented; as we saw, almost every hour, small kafilas of twenty or thirty people, passing with merchandize to Arkeko.' The servants had neglected to fill the skins with water, and our travellers were much incommoded by thirst. Mr. Salt was for a time 'relieved by the kindness of a poor fellow coming down from the hills, who gave him a portion of a small quantity that he carried in a cruise upon his back.' This was an act of no common charity, and will not, we trust, fail of its reward. On the evening of the 22d, after a harassing journey during the day, our travellers had to encounter a violent storm. The rain was discharged in torrents, accompanied with wind, flashes of lightning, and loud peals of thunder. The air became

'so cold as to render both a cloth coat and camolind (an Arab cloak) very acceptable.' 'Bruce,' says Mr. Salt, 'passed a night on the same spot; and it was his fortune, as well as ours, to encounter here a terrible storm, which, as usual, he describes with some exaggeration, although he was here on the 17th of November, a very different season.'

On the 23d of July, as the provisions of the party began to fail, Mr. Salt dismissed the Nayib's Alscars. This day our travellers passed a cave,

'inhabited by a family of the natives; in it was a woman grind-

ing corn, and some children playing about her. The general face of the country began to improve, the vegetation was fresher, and we observed a considerable variety of plants; some of them seemed to belong to the liliaceous tribe, and made a very beautiful appearance.'

On the 24th, our travellers arrived at Tubboo, a very picturesque station, abounding in groves of various shady trees,

'and surrounded by abrupt cliffs and precipices. Bruce has well described this place.' 'We saw here two large trees, of the sycamore fig, being about nineteen feet in girth at their bases; out of the sides of the largest boughs were growing great bunches of figs, which, however, were devoured by the black-ants before they were ripe.'

At night they took up their quarters at Illilah, or the Lila of Bruce.

On the 25th, our travellers found the road, which had been gradually ascending since they left Arkeko, rise more rapidly. This day they reached the foot of the lofty Taranta. Here, as they could no longer make use of the camels for the conveyance of their baggage, they hired some men and boys to transport the packages on their shoulders. Mr. Salt gratified one of the chiefs of the Hazorta tribe with some trifling presents, which he had demanded for a free passage over the mountain. In the evening, a venerable patriarch of the above tribe,

'placed himself on a rising ground, and having raised his garment on the end of a spear, and demanded silence, made a speech to the following effect: "Be it known to all, that these people who are passing, are great men, friends of the Nayib of Massowah, friends of the Sultaun of Habesh, friends of the Ras Welleta Selassee, and friends of the Baharnegash Yasous; we have received and eaten of their meat, drank of their coffee, and partaken of their tobacco, and are therefore their friends; let no man dare molest them!'

The next morning Mr. Salt obtained the following information from the Hazorta chief. He said that the

'population of the tribe amounted to about five thousand; that they possessed many cattle, but seldom killed them, unless they were likely to die from disease, or accidents, these animals forming the chief medium of barter for grain, with the Abyssinians. On inquiring why they did not raise corn themselves, he replied, that they were ignorant of the art of doing so, otherwise they would willingly supply their own wants, without having recourse to others. He further informed me, that they never stripped the branches from the trees except for the purpose of feeding

their cattle, when the grass was burnt up or consumed. Hence, it appears not improbable, that these people might, by gentle means, be brought to a much higher state of civilization than that in which they are at present; with regard to their population, if their number be only half so many as the chief represented them, they must be considered as a very powerful tribe; and being a brave, though rude people, and in possession of a very strong country, through which lies the only practicable passage into Abyssinia from this quarter, they might assume and maintain an importance much superior to what they actually possess.'

As our travellers advanced up the mountain of Taranta, the way became more and more obstructed by loose stones and masses of rock, but these did not impede the progress of their mules. When they reached the top of Taranta, they found that, notwithstanding various delays, the ascent had occupied only three hours. The summit of this mountain was covered with a thick copse, the berry-bearing cedar of Bruce, and the sides were thickly set with kolquall, which grows to the height of forty feet.

'We now directed our course into a beautiful little green valley, shaded by cedars, and adorned by a pool of water; the sight of which was particularly grateful to us, as we had been repeatedly told that there was none on the top; near it was grazing a large herd of cattle. Wandering about the valley, we discovered a great profusion of mushrooms, of which, notwithstanding they were considered by the natives as poisonous, we collected a large quantity: part we stewed for immediate use; and the remainder we bottled, and found them both wholesome and highly grateful, in the total want of vegetables, which we afterwards experienced. Soon afterwards Captain Rudland shot an owl of a very large species, and Mr. Carter and myself collected a number of flowers, several of which had bulbous roots; among the shrubs were the sweet briar, and several others highly aromatic. We were soon overtaken by men and boys who had charge of our baggage; one of our heaviest boxes, containing ammunition and dollars of considerable weight, was, to our surprise, brought up by a boy about thirteen years of age; and one of the walls of our large tent, together with the two poles, were conveyed by one man from the bottom to the top of the pass in about four hours. It is not easy to reconcile these facts with Bruce's representation of the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend during two days in going over the same distance, unless the re-establishment of peace between the Nayib and the tribe of Hazorta had been attended by a surprising improvement of the road, which is not probable, as by Bruce's own account, the trade, if we may judge by the number of slaves, was then fully equal to what it is at present. Besides,

we did not meet with a single hyæna, or troglodytical cave; and luckily "had not our hands and knees cut by frequent falls, or our faces torn by thorny bushes;" which last, indeed, appears scarcely possible in so open and frequented a path.'

During the subsequent descent, the road lay through gullies down which the water, occasioned by a heavy rain, poured with great force, but the mules 'descended almost like goats from rock to rock, and not one of the whole number made a single false step in the course of the way.' Our travellers reached Dixan on the 27th, where they were received by the Baharnegash Yasous, and the head men of the town.

Some of Mr. Salt's party went out for two hours in the evening in pursuit of the hyænas, which they supposed would be attracted by the carcasses of a dead horse and an ass, which were lying in the skirts of the town. They discovered a great number of these animals, growling and fighting over their food, and making at times a hideous roaring; one of them was seen dragging the entire carcass of the horse; they varied in size, but one of them is said to have been as large as a small ass. The dog and the hyæna, though mutually inimical, seldom hazard a contest.

'We have more than once observed their passing and re-passing, each snarling, but neither venturing to begin an attack; and one evening both were seen feeding on the same carcass. The hyæna, however, always retires from the presence of man; and the dogs, by barking, give notice to their masters of its approach.'

Captain Rudland shot a hyæna; when the baharnegash begged the liver of the animal, which forms one of the ingredients in which the amulets are written that are worn round the arms.

'The houses at Dixan are flat-roofed, and without windows, and instead of chimneys, have two pots of earthen-ware rising out of the roof, but so narrow, as to give vent only to a small portion of the smoke; the houses are built round a hill commanding an extensive prospect of the mountains of Tigré, and country around, which consists almost entirely of rocky mountains, on many of which are to be observed villages, constructed much in the same style as at Dixan.'

The natives are idle, ignorant, and dirty; but they have as much christianity as consists in kissing the cross, and saying their prayers. Boys marry at fourteen, and girls still earlier; and the number of wives which each individual possesses seems to be chiefly limited by his means of supporting them.

'Each woman must be furnished with a separate place of re-

sidence.' 'Most of the laborious occupations, both abroad and at home, devolve upon the women; such as grinding the corn, bringing in wood and water, which is brought from a valley about a mile from the town, cultivating the ground, and picking herbs for the consumption of the day. They carry their children on their backs, and wear tanned hides round their waists; their necks and arms are ornamented with beads and white shells, and the women of the higher class allow the nails on the left hand to grow to a great length, wearing cases of leather on their fingers, several inches long, to preserve them.'

The ploughs of the inhabitants are rudely shaped out of the root or branch of a tree. The land is twice ploughed, when 'the clods are broken with rude hooked instruments by the women, who, at the same time, pull out the weeds; the grain is then strewn upon the ground, and they seem to make choice of the worst samples for seed.' The sheep are mostly black, but some have white faces; the skins are valuable commodities, 'and no man moves a hundred yards from his house without having one hung over his shoulders.'

The baharnegash is said to carry on the affairs of his government entirely by verbal messages, and Mr. Salt supposes him incapable both of reading and writing, though he officiates, not only as governor, but as priest. His dress, like that of his people, consists of a single garment wrapped round his body; and a peeled staff, of about six feet long, is the only emblem of his authority.

(To be continued.)

ART. IV.—*Imitations and Translations from the ancient and modern Classics, together with original Poems, never before published. Collected by J. C. Hobhouse, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.* Longman, 1809. 8*vo. pp.* 255.

THE collector of these poems, who is also, as he himself informs us, the author of the greatest number of them, would have made a much more acceptable present to the world had he acted, in all respects, up to the professions made by his preface. He there declaims against immorality and licentiousness of the pen, with as much apparent zeal as the most religious puritan in sentiment.

'Such writers' (he says, speaking of those who disseminate 'profaneness, obscenity, or malicious falsehood), 'such writers, as they apply themselves to the strongest and most prevalent passions of mankind, have but too good a chance of doing at least a temporary mischief to society; and as I am aware of the

disgrace justly attached to such a conduct, *I should, indeed, be ashamed if there were any thing in these verses that could scandalize virtue, or do violence to the feelings of innocence and youth.*'

He then proceeds to draw a distinction between fastidiousness and true delicacy; and that such a distinction (and a very broad one it is) actually exists, no man of sense and feeling can question. All men, however, will not be inclined to adopt the boundary-line laid down by Mr. Hobhouse. It *may* be true (but we pretend not to 'assert' it) that 'no man or woman was ever made worse by reading the *Dressing-room* of Dr. Swift;' but it is certain that the cause of virtue cannot be served by familiarizing the innocent mind to images of disgusting beastliness, or of degrading sensuality. This argument might be pushed a great deal farther if there was occasion for it; but in the present instance there must be either a total want of modesty, or a total want of judgment, in the framer of an apology so grossly inapplicable. Whatever casuists may allege in defence of nastiness, every body, and Mr. Hobhouse himself, in explicit terms, acknowledges, that the defence cannot extend to downright obscenity; and really, if a man chooses to be obscene, it is a pleasant apology that he makes, by saying that he will not conceal his obscenity. It is like setting up, by way of defence to an indictment for a nuisance, that the nuisance was committed under the nose, and before the eyes, of the plaintiff, which, though it might argue much for the defendant's impudence, would not be expected to go very far in his justification.

If the collector of these poems had not so greatly aggravated his offence by the unblushing assumption of innocence, we should not perhaps have thought that it demanded so severe a reprehension; but, as the book is of such a form and appearance as is precisely calculated to win the attention of a female reader; and as, amidst a great deal of, not only decent, but, beautiful poetry, that which is exceptionable is so confounded, as to give no sort of warning of its vicinity, we have thought it incumbent on us to supply the warning which we find deficient, and publicly to inform the ladies that there is in the volume, a tale, imitated from Boccace, but rendered much more offensive than the original, by dilation, which they would with reason be ashamed to acknowledge, and therefore had better not read.

Having thus discharged our consciences of a disagreeable task, we shall enter with the lighter spirits upon the pleasant part of our duty. Of the poems which are marked with the collector's individual signature, the three first are free and paraphrastic imitations of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, the

third of the first book of Horace, and the nineteenth of the first book of Epistles, of the same author. The following extracts will, we hope, appear sufficient to confirm our opinion that Mr. Hobhouse knows how to temper the spirit of his great master, Pope, with so much of original genius, as to make it peculiarly his own.

The first in order of these poems is, indeed, more fitly to be styled an imitation of Pope than of Juvenal. Pope knew how congenial the light and playful (though often stinging) irony of Horace was to his own talent, and Horace, accordingly, was made the original of all his imitations. Mr. Hobhouse has infused so much of the same humour into his satire, that he has given it a nearer resemblance to Horace than to its real father. This cannot be rendered more evident than by comparing a few of its passages with the corresponding ones in Mr. Hodgson's translation of the same poem, which is, upon the whole, a most faithful copy of its original.

When Juvenal indignantly records of the insatiable Roman glutton, that,

> '—When the solitary pound is spent,
> Each ancient vase is to the broker sent—
> His mother's bust———————————
> Procures the relish of one earthen plate,
> With one last pleasure wards the stroke of fate,' &c. &c.

His *imitator* laughs, with good-humoured irony, at the *bon-vivant* of our latter days, and paraphrastically says,

> Thus, in the jaws of famine and a jail,
> Hesse sends him still her hog, and France her quail;
> Still must he seek what swells his debts the most,
> Despise the value and esteem the cost.
> The Jews are soon his friends, and soon they fly;
> But Christie's arts one dinner more supply:
> Coins, plate, and pictures, some tit-bit procure,
> And e'en his grandsire goes to buy liqueur.

A little farther, we have the following picture of the incurable spendthrift, who, in the very jaws of a jail, cannot yet forbear to administer to his paltry appetite.

> Behold the spendthrift's life—he wastes at home
> His gather'd loans from every fool in Rome;
> And, while a little yet remains, but now
> Prophetic terror clouds the usurer's brow,
> Makes off to Baiæ, or to Ostia runs,
> And brushes from the sight of gaping duns.

For now to give the constable the slip,
Is thought no more of than to take a trip
To the Esquilian hill in summer's heat,
And leave your town-house for your country-seat.
'Tis but a pleasant jaunt for change of air—
And, in their flight, the jolly exiles' care
Is only that they lose their pleasures here,
And shall not see a play this whole long year.
Shame they have none—no kindling blushes speak
Through the brass armour of a debtor's cheek.
Derided modesty has flown away,
And few were anxious to prolong her stay.——*Hodgson.*

If you who saw the course which B—y ran,
Would see what other rogues and spendthrifts can,
Attend—when empty stewards aid refuse,
They run to Britton, or some brother Jews;
Then live and eat, till all the thousands lent
On handsome premiums of twice ten per cent.
In Chalier's wines, or Jaquier's soups decay,
Or else in Simkin's* sauces melt away.
At last, when frighten'd synagogues suspect,
And friends in city and at court reject,
These bankrupts bold (an honest name) repair
On Brighton Steyne to taste the country air,
There still too nice to live on boil'd and roast,
They crack live crabs and cray-fish on the coast.
Depress'd and vex'd 'tis true; obliged to stay
One spring from town, from opera, park, and play;
Nor need they blush: for shame from Britain flies,
To seek the mansion of her native skies:
And Paull alone withstands corruption's flood,
Content to be ridiculous and good.†——*Hobhouse.*

The Invitation and Country Bill of Fare which succeed, are conceived in the happiest spirit of imitation; and the simple character of Curius meets with an excellent parallel in that of Temple. We shall extract, without any apology, the whole comparison of ancient frugality with the ostentation of modern times, which, besides the merit of good poetry, possesses that of very close illustration; but our limits will

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* 'Simkin,' late proprietor of the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

† —————————— morantur
Pauci ridiculum fugientem ex urbe pudorem.

This in Mr. Paull was a virtue so much the more disinterested, as every one must have seen the effect of his attempts; though the generous few alone might have been able to discern his noble aim.

not admit of our referring to the original any otherwise than by pointing out the first verse of the passage imitated.

'*Cum tremerent autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,*' &c.

'In good queen Bess' and Harry's earlier time,
Prudence was just, and luxury a crime;
Then want of temperance was want of sense,
And floors of straw too cleanly gave offence.*
A king† no lover of a foreign dish
Would hardly fit a fleet in search of fish;
Nor knew the value of the western sphere,
Which since has sent such weight of turtles here,
Dragg'd from the bosom of th' Atlantic main
To glad the peer and glut the alderman.
Hardy and strong (such men our age requires)
And half uncover'd like his painted sires;
His native cottage rear'd each British son,
Not yet the sickly tenant of a town.
His dwelling simple, and his fare the same,
Supplied a mighty soul, a mighty frame,
Ere Paris, * * *, and cookery, and taste,
Had brought our bodies and our wits to waste.
Was he a soldier? to reward his toil,
His aim was glory, not ignoble spoil:
The shield emboss'd, perhaps, or silver'd lance,
The pride before, the future dread of France,
Except the honours of a well-fought day,
Was all the generous victor bore away;
Or else a golden gorge or plumy crest,
And all his treasure glittered on his breast.
Without a softer bed or dish the more,
Content with this, the soldier still was poor;
A state how blest, and better far for health
Than Clive's large honours, or than Benfield's wealth.
Their island then was heaven's peculiar care,
By day, by night, the God was present there.
And when the hostile fleets of haughty Spain
Hung o'er the shores and cover'd all the main,
The God of battles crush'd their monarch's pride,
And ranged his waves and storms on Britain's side.
And yet religion was not then an art
Where priests and pageants bear the only part.
Not yet, St. Paul's! thy costly fabric shone,
But God's own temple was the heart alone.

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* It was one article in the charges against Wolsey, that he changed the straw of his apartments too frequently.

† Henry VII. who refused Columbus's offers, when he proposed to equip a fleet of discovery.

Their household goods as simple as their food,
Plates, dishes, spoons, and bowls were all of wood:
If then the gay luxurious lords forsook
Their wonted willow* for too precious oak,
The graver sort cry'd shame on such a boast,
And thought all ancient British vigour lost.'

From the succeeding poem, 'Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus,' &c. we shall make no extract, partly because, though we think it *well hit off* in many respects, we disapprove (notwithstanding the occasional example of Pope himself, as well as of other translators) of the four-foot measure which is in this instance adopted. The satire against water-drinkers, 'Prisco si credis,' &c. furnishes a better example of the author's taste.

'If still, my friend, no charms in wine you see,
But find that water can with wit agree;
Hear then what Bentley often would advise—
Bentley† the grave, the critic, and the wise.
"He that would gain a name by tuneful rhymes,
The present charm, and live through future times,
Must leave the fools to sip at Maudlin's bowl,
And raise, by wine, the raptures of his soul;
Miscall'd the sons of Phœbus and the nine,
The bards must own their sole inspirer, wine.
Wine gives the poet all his sprightly hues,
When morning draughts assist the maudlin muse.
Lo! all the wits of Charles and Anna's days,
The god that fires them justly has their praise.
Our Addison,‡ before he sweeps the strings
To Blenheim's heroes, and the wars of kings,
Must taste th' ambrosia that the grape distills,
And take his dose at Button's or at Will's.
The wreathes of Bacchus should no more entwine
The sober lawyer than the dull divine:

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* "When our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration." Holinshed, Description of Britain, c. 16. If Holinshed complained of these men of willow, what must we in our times say?

† The great critic, Dr. Bentley, a wonderful genius, and remarkable for his attachment to wine. Even the amiable Mr. Cumberland, whose zeal for the character of his celebrated ancestor is surely to be admired, will not be angry at this mention of his grandfather.

‡ Many of the most elegant and important lucubrations in the Spectator were written under the influence of wine. Mr. Addison was, perhaps, of the same nature as Lamprias, the father of Plutarch, who never philosophized so clearly, nor discoursed so eloquently, as when well heated with the juice of the grape. This Plutarch mentions of his father.

No noisy muse, no Bacchanalian din
Should burst the grave repose of Lincoln's Inn:
No wits for nectar to the fount resort,
Nor woo th' inspiring god in Fig-tree Court."
Since this mature advice, the sons of song
Follow the drunken train and reel along:
Since this advice, the rhymster of the stews
Just throws up fifty verses ere he spews;
Thus every Julia finds some poet—Moore,
And greasy ballads greet each graceless whore.
But what's the wisdom and distinction nice,
That leaves the virtue, but extracts the vice?
The fool uncomb'd, and wash'd but once a week,
Thinks Porson's lice can give him Porson's Greek.
If Robson be downright, and Hanger plain,
Is this a Shippen then, or that Montaigne;
The reeling senator, so pert and young,
Who sees the Commons hang on Brinsley's tongue,
Full of the rosy god, will archly cry,
"Friend Sherry's always drunk, and so am I."
My B....., no doubt, has read how Savage fared,
And thinks that dirt and drink bespeak a bard.
O servile herd of imitators! hence
With all your borrow'd art and dull pretence;
This, this the end of all your toil, at best,
To raise our anger, and provoke a jest.'

Mr. Hobhouse is not merely a satirist. His translations from Tibullus and Ovid, his Lament for Robert Burns, and Verses on the Death of a young Lady, afford sufficient evidence to talents of a very different cast. But there are other contributions to this collection, which demand some portion of our attention, particularly those of Lord Byron. Some of the latter will, we imagine, add considerably to the reputation which that nobleman has deservedly acquired. He too is a satirist; and, as is now well known, the author of "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," which we noticed in a former volume with the praise of which we then thought, and still think, it fully deserving. But in the present volume, he appears in a more gentle character; and we have seldom read (with the exception of the last stanza only) verses of more tenderness and real feeling, than those which compose the following address.

'To
* * * * * * * * *

'Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal,
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

'Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass—oh! how my heart
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

'When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

'I kiss'd it—and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

'Mary, adieu! I must away,
While thou art blest, I'll not repine!
But near thee I can never stay,
My heart would soon again be thine.

'I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

'Yet I was calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look,
But now to tremble were a crime,
We met—and not a nerve was shook.

'I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace,
The sullen calmness of despair.'

* * * *

In the last stanza, "Lethe's fabled stream" unfortunately spoils all; we make no apology, therefore, for omitting it in our copy. If we had room, we should be tempted to select many more specimens from this collection, which, upon the whole, contains a greater proportion of really good poetry, with very little mixture, if any, of what is flat and insipid, than we generally find in a miscellany. But we are obliged to conclude.

ART. V.—*The Life of George Romney, Esq. By William Hayley, Esq.* Payne, London, 1809.

THE painters have been more fortunate than the professors of any other art: in very few instances, we believe, have they been defrauded by time of the fame due to their labours.

Few have died unlamented; few have been overwhelmed in the long night of oblivion, from the want of a pious bard, or an honest chronicler. Romney has been peculiarly happy in leaving the care of his memory to an ancient, a tried, and an affectionate friend, and one who, from his literary eminence and kindred pursuits, was peculiarly qualified for the office.

That we may, as far as in us lies, assist in the ceremony of embalming his character, we shall give the substance of Mr. Hayley's memoir of his life, as briefly as we can, without omitting material facts.

The father of Romney united the employments of farmer, builder, and merchant; he resided on a little patrimonial estate at Dalton, in the picturesque tract of Furness, in Lancashire, where the painter was born in 1734, and buried in 1802. The rudiments of education were given to the latter at a village school; at the age of 12 he discovered a passion for mechanics, music, and carving small figures in wood. The accident which disclosed the first ray of his pictorial abilities is thus related:

'In his youth he observed a great singularity of countenance in a stranger at church; his parents, to whom he spoke of it, desired him to describe the person—he seized a pencil, and delineated the features from memory, with such a strength of resemblance, as amazed and delighted his affectionate parents. The applause that he received from this accidental performance, excited him to draw with more serious application.'

The flame thus kindled, was excited by a Mr. Williamson, an alchymist, who, upon a grand explosion during an absence from his laboratory, occasioned by his yielding to the invitation of his wife, and quitting the retort for the tea-pot, had taken an utter aversion to the innocent cause of the calamity, and had fled from Whitehaven to Dalton, to sooth his mortification in peace, and to exchange his golden dreams for the less costly amusements of the pencil. When Romney left his paternal roof, he was placed with a cabinet-maker at Lancaster, who observing that he frequently occupied himself in sketching the attitudes of his associates, suggested to his father the idea of making him a painter, and recommended a young travelling artist, named Steele, as a tutor. This man had travelled to France for his improvement, and it is said was not unacquainted with the principles of his art. His character appears to have been eccentric. He engaged his pupil to assist him in the management of an elopement, which proved fruitful of matrimony in a double sense; for Romney, overcome by his exertions, fell dangerously ill, during which he

was attended by Mary Abbot, a young woman of a compassionate character, whom, upon his recovery, he precipitately married.

No sooner had he imitated one of his masters by his marriage, than he determined to copy the other, the alchymist, in his desertion of his wife. This purpose he effected in a few days after his marriage, by removing with Steele to York. The 'terror of precluding himself from those distant honours, which he panted for in his profession, by appearing in the world as a young married man,' is the only reason assigned for this action. Steel resided nine months at York, during which time Sterne sat to him, and paid such civilities to Romney, as a discerning and good-natured man, in sitting to a painter, would readily render to his attentive and promising pupil. He then returned to Kendal, and soon after being called to Ireland, released his young friend from the bond of apprenticeship. In working rapidly and patiently at different places in the North for a few years (by painting heads as large as life at two guineas, whole lengths, in a small scale, for six guineas, and some historical pictures, which he disposed of by raffle) Romney contrived to raise nearly 100l. of which he took 30l. and left the remainder for the support of his wife and two children, adhering to his determination of freeing his neck from the mill-stone of a family. At this period he enjoyed the society of his long and invariably esteemed friend, Mr. Adam Walker, one of the first and one of the latest subjects of his pencil.

On his arrival in London, 1762, he continued for some weeks at an inn, till accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Braithwaite, of the Post Office, who acted as a cicerone, and at the same time assisted him in obtaining lodgings near his own residence. Here he painted heads at the price of five guineas. In 1763 his Death of General Wolfe obtained the second prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, but the decree was afterwards reversed at the instance of Reynolds, who justly, even in Romney's opinion, contended that Mortimer's Edward the Confessor seizing the Treasures of his mother, deserved the preference. The committee, however, awarded 25 guineas as an encouragement to such promising talents. This circumstance seems to have influenced the sensitive mind of Romney, so far as to have prevented him from further contest with his successful rival.

In 1764, Romney, in company with his friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Greene, of Gray's Inn, visited Paris, where he was received by Vernet with that gay and attentive civility

which is eager to anticipate all the wishes of a stranger, and by his means obtained free access to the Orleans collection.

On his return to London he removed from the city to Gray's Inn, and soon became a favourite with the gentlemen of the law, from his success in painting more than one eminent person of that profession.

In 1765 he obtained the second prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, for his Death of King Edmund. In 1768 we find him residing in Great Newport-street, where Reynolds also lived; but the season was not yet arrived, when, according to an expression of Lord Thurlow, "the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney." An early source of the popularity of the latter seems to have been a family piece of Sir G. Warren with his lady, and a little girl caressing a bullfinch that sits on her hand, exhibited in Pall Mall, 1769. The following year was rendered still more propitious to his reputation, by his exhibition of his two whole length figures of Mirth and Melancholy. His resemblances at this period are said to have been eminently strong, but often hard, cold, and heavy. A portrait of Mr. Humphry, and another of an old man, appeared at the exhibition near Exeter Change, 1772, and these, on the authority of Mr. Isaac Reed, are said to be "the last traces that can be found of Romney's exhibiting."

In 1773, Romney, accompanied by the above-mentioned Mr. Humphry, a professional brother, travelled into Italy, and on his arrival at Rome, devoted himself to intense and sequestered study. He was singularly addicted to that honourable but perilous kind of intemperance, the intemperance of study, and the deplorable infirmities, that overclouded the evening of his day, are to be imputed to his great want of self-command in this respect. Mr. Hayley is able to specify only three of the many drawings and paintings, which he must have executed during his residence in Rome: a large copy in chiaro oscuro from the lower half of Raphael's Transfiguration, and two portraits painted as studies, to shew the peculiar strength of character in Italian features. At Venice he painted a head of Wortley Montague, in the style of the Venetian school: the death of that extraordinary man was occasioned by an accident which happened while Romney was with him; the bone of a small bird which he swallowed, wounded his throat, and an inflammation ensued.

In 1775 we find Romney the inhabitant of a spacious house in Cavendish-square, in which he succeeded Coates the painter in crayons, and is himself succeeded by Shee. The first symptoms of his hypochondriacal disorder betrayed themselves in his fears, lest his business should not be sufficient to

support him in his new habitation. Mr. Cumberland announced his return to England in two well-intended odes, in which, however, he does not seem to have perceived that the painter, with all his diffidence and timidity, had an ardent, active, and impetuous mind.

At this period the friendship of the painter and his biographer commenced, and in the same year, 1776, the former paid his first visit to the latter at Eartham, the first of an uninterrupted series of visits, which were repeated annually for twenty years. These periods of relaxation were spent in the "chase of ideas." In 1777 Mr. Hayley published his Epistles to Romney, which are among the happiest of his poetical efforts, and will be perused or re-perused with peculiar interest, in conjunction with the life to which they are attached in this publication. From this date Romney's time seems to have been divided between his residence in London, and his autumnal excursion, with little variation, and the account of his life consists principally of the history of the plans and progress of his more distinguished works, which, however interesting and deserving of the public notice, cannot be reduced into the compass of an article for a Review.

Romney was at one time advised to become a member of the Royal Academy, but dissuaded by his friend, who observes:

'If Reynolds, who certainly possessed in a consummate degree that mild wisdom and conciliating serenity of temper, which Romney as certainly wanted, if Reynolds could ever find his seat of dignity (so perfectly merited) a thorny situation, that he was eager to relinquish, the more apprehensive and more hasty spirit of Romney would have been utterly distracted in a post so ill suited to a mind of sensibilities, infinitely too acute for the peaceful enjoyment of a high public station.' *p.* 101.

His business was now become so extensive, that the prices of the portraits painted in 1785 amounted to 3,635*l.* at 80 guineas for a whole length, 60 for a half whole length, 40 for a half length, 30 for a kit-cat, 20 for a head. His taste for painting a new face, added to the pecuniary advantages of that branch of his profession, impeded his progress in the higher field of imagination. At length, however, a more splendid prospect opened with the project of the Shakspeare Gallery, which originated in the parlour of Romney, and was by him warmly patronized, till some pecuniary disputes with Alderman Boydell disgusted him. The principal cause of this misunderstanding is thus explained.

'Romney's first proposal was liberal and friendly in a high

degree; but it was conditional, and the alderman himself violated the condition, in a manner that wounded the honest pride of the artist, by offering to other painters a sum far superior to what Romney had suggested, as the general reward for each. They were both men of an eager spirit and a warm temper, such as are very apt to misunderstand each other, and to grow angry in proportion to their misunderstanding; both have been accused of avarice, by their enemies, and both, I am persuaded, unjustly.'

Romney's favourite model of female beauty was Lady Hamilton, whom he has represented in the various characters of a Circe, a Calypso, a Magdalen, a Pythian Priestess, a St. Cecilia, Sensibility, Miranda, and Cassandra. From the three last, engravings by Caroline Watson are inserted; the Miranda has exquisite expression. Lord Thurlow, who appears to have been uniformly the friend and patron of Romney, advised him to read Shakspeare before he painted him; but this was advice which was not followed, if we may believe with Mr. Hayley, that it is questionable whether he ever read, without interruption, two acts together of the dramas that he most cordially admired.

In 1790, Romney, accompanied by his friends Mr. Hayley and the Rev. T. Carwardine, revisited Paris, by the invitation of Dr. Warner, then chaplain to the English ambassador, Lord Gower. Madame de Genlis paid every attention to the party. A characteristic likeness of that lady is given in this volume, from a portrait painted by Romney at a subsequent period, when she visited London. It bears a great resemblance to the youngest of the three heads in the frontispiece, which are portraits of himself, and by himself, at different periods of his life. At Paris the travellers were indebted to the celebrated artists David and Greuse, for their attentions.

After this excursion the health of Romney was much impaired, and he began to entertain the idea of leaving off business; but the return of Lady Hamilton re-invigorated his taste for his art. After her departure to Naples, with Sir William Hamilton, in 1791, he again felt his spirits flag. In 1792 he met Cowper and Charlotte Smith at Eartham, and executed likenesses of both; that of Cowper, Romney considered as the nearest approach he had ever made to a perfect representation of life and character, and that it was not less satisfactory to the original, appears from that inimitable sonnet,

> 'Romney, expert infallibly to trace,
> On chart or canvass,' &c.

The decease of Sir J. Reynolds rather quickened than relaxed the ambition of Romney. He acknowledged all the merits

of his predecessor, and felt himself stimulated by them to exertion. For the benefit of his health, he took lodgings in a new garden-ground on the Kilburn road, where he breakfasted and worked two hours every morning; the house was occupied by an honest couple, and eight fine children, who waited upon him; this villa he called Pine-Apple Place.

In a letter of January, 1794, he thus notices the death of Gibbon, who was in the number of his friends:

'His last words were "Mon Dieu, Bon Dieu!" They have affected me so much, I shall turn my thoughts more to christianity than I have done. The approach of death convinced him, that there is something more than he had formerly believed.' *p.* 210.

In the summer of this year, he visited the Isle of Wight. At the beginning of the next Mr. Hayley's son became his pupil. In the spring of 1796 Romney had a short but very serious illness, which did not, however, prevent him from resuming his professional employments, though his mind was suffering from the insidious attacks of melancholy. In the commencement of the year 1797, his spirits seem to have suffered a deeper depression, which, in the following, was increased by the illness of his pupil, Mr. Hayley's son, who, after lingering for two or three years, died in the spring of 1800. His despondency seems, however, to have been occasionally relieved during this period, by the interest which he took in building for himself a house at Hampstead. His last visit to Eartham was in 1799, and in his favourite gallery there, he executed a resemblance of himself in spectacles, which, with two others painted in the same place, is prefixed to this work. A fourth likeness of him, from a medallion by Mr. Thomas Hayley, is also contained in this volume. The faces are dissimilar, and would with difficulty be recognized as belonging to the same person. In 1798 symptoms of decay of his powers as an artist began to appear; in the following year he found it necessary to retire to Kendal.

'There he had the comfort of finding an attentive and affectionate nurse, in a most exemplary wife, who had never been irritated to an act of unkindness, or an expression of reproach, by his years of absence and neglect.' 'In his letters to me from Kendal, my old friend did not fail to do full, though late justice, to the virtues of his excellent wife. He spoke of her kind attention with the tenderest gratitude, and professed himself as comfortable in her indulgent care of him, as with nerves so shaken he could expect to be.'

He still continued to amuse himself with sketching in crayons, though obliged to renounce oil colours, and had far-

ther interested himself in the purchase of a pretty large estate in that country. In spring, 1801, he lost his worthy friend and amanuensis, Mr. Cocking, who died under his roof. His faculties were now so much impaired, that when his brother, Colonel Romney, returned from the East Indies, he did not recollect him.

'On being asked if he did not know him, he looked eagerly in his face, burst into an agony of tears that spoke his tender remembrance, and then immediately lost all recollection of his person and character.' *p.* 299.

His death followed soon after this event, on the fifteenth of November, 1802, at Kendal.

His person was rather tall, his features were broad and strong, his hair was dark, his eyes indicated much vigour, and still more acuteness of mind.

His heart was tender and charitably disposed. He was a great encourager of youthful talents. His piety was sincere, but rather contemplative than active. When the peculiar shyness of his disposition did not interpose, he was uncommonly entertaining as a companion, from the force and originality of his ideas: but his general habits were of a retired nature.

With regard to his professional character, an admirable sketch of it is given by the hand of Flaxman, than whom no one could have been chosen more adequate to the task, from their mutual friendship and kindred arts:

> "Hic Saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
> Solers nunc hominem ponere hunc deum."

'When he first began to paint,' says the eloquent author of this sketch, 'he had seen no gallery of pictures, nor the fine productions of ancient sculpture; but men, women, and children were his statues, and all objects under the cope of heaven formed his school of painting. The rainbow, the purple distance, or the silver lake, taught him colouring; the various actions and passions of the human figure, with the forms of clouds, woods, mountains, or valleys, afforded him studies of composition. Indeed his genius bore a strong resemblance to the scenes he was born in; like them, it partook of the grand and beautiful; and like them also, the bright sunshine and enchanting prospect of his fancy, were occasionally overspread with mist and gloom.' 'After contemplating the purity and perfection of ancient sculpture, the sublimity of Michael Angelo's Sistine Chapel, and the simplicity of Cimabue's and Giotto's schools, he used these qualities in viewing and imitating nature. Few painters have left so many examples in their works of the tender and delicate affections, and several of his pictures breathe a kindred spirit

with those of Corregio. His diligence was as unceasing as his gratification in his art. His compositions, like those of the ancient pictures and basso relievos, told their story by a single group of figures, in the front, while the back ground is made the simplest possible. In his compositions the beholder was forcibly struck by the sentiment at the first glance. His heads were various, the male were decided and grand; the female lovely: his figures resembled the antique; the limbs were elegant and finely formed; his drapery was well understood, either forming the figure into a mass with one or two deep folds only, or by its adhesion and transparency discovering the form of the figure, the lines of which were finely varied with the union or expansion of spiral or cascade folds, composing with or contrasting the outline and chiaro oscuro. He modelled like a sculptor, carved ornaments in wood with great delicacy, and could make an architectural design in a fine taste, as well as construct every part of the building.'

To this eulogy from the pen of Flaxman, Mr. Hayley adds another from the person, who, of all his companions, may be said to have contemplated his works and his character through the greatest length of time, with increasing esteem and admiration—we presume Mr. Carwardine is meant.

'After his return from his studies abroad, he was not less qualified to excel in the highest walk of art, history, than for the profession of portraiture. For luxuriance of invention, he may be classed with Rubens himself. The beauty of his draperies surpasses every thing of the kind; they were all painted from models, and after he had finished adjusting them upon the layman, he always said he looked upon them as half done, so ready and certain was his execution, that it is but justice to say that he stands unrivalled in this department of the art.' *p.* 315.

Mr. Hayley adds his own opinion to these testimonies in favour of his friend.

'In my apprehension his chief excellence consisted in strong and delicate delineations of character, however dignified or refined. He seemed to me most perfect in the powers of expression.' *p.* 316. 'I recollect that, in reading a letter of Salvator Rosa, from his favourite book, the Collection of Letters written by eminent painters, I said to him, "Here, Romney, here Salvator has drawn your portrait, as well as his own, in a single short sentence—"Tutto spirito, tutto fusco, tutto bile"—all spirit, all fire, all bile.'

An attempt to throw any finishing strokes of our own into a delineation of Romney's abilities so fully and correctly drawn, and so vividly coloured, if it did not argue self-confidence and presumption, would at least be deemed super-

fluous. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating, that this work is adorned with prints from several of his celebrated paintings, which, independently of the praise due to them as engravings, are well chosen specimens to exhibit the gradations of his improvement, and the peculiar qualities of his style. The first of these is the introduction of Dr. Slop into the parlour of Mr. Shandy, which, perhaps, is too just and natural to be sufficiently humorous. The next is a sketch of the horseman at the Cape of Good Hope rescuing the sufferers in a shipwreck. In this the sentiment, as observed by Mr. Flaxman, is caught at a glance, the light is happily spread upon the gloom, and the confused horrors of the scene represented with great clearness and simplicity. The characters taken from the model of Lady Hamilton have been already mentioned; if we may venture to criticise works of such established reputation, we shall say that Sensibility is too pretty, and Cassandra too like a Bacchante of the lowest order. The head of our Saviour in the wilderness, surrounded by infernal ghosts and hellish furies, though it expresses abstinence and grave attention, is not quite equal to Milton's description; the nose wants the dignity of the eye and mouth. The infant Shakspeare is above our praise—the drapery is a happy illustration of the remarks upon that subject above quoted. If the colouring be equal to the design of the piece entitled Newton with the Prism, we conceive that this one specimen concentrates the excellencies of Romney's manner, namely, character, expression, strength, delicacy, grace, simplicity, and the dexterous management of light and shadow. As we have not had the opportunity of contemplating the originals, these hasty remarks must be considered as entirely suggested by the engravings.

We do not feel inclined to lengthen this article by any elaborate disquisition on the merits of Mr. Hayley's style as a biographer. His want of compression, and his tedious habit of introducing vapid phrases, are faults so well known, that they need not our emblazoning. On the other hand, his good qualities, his truth, the general correctness of his judgment, his experience of the world, and just feeling, his candour and liberality, have not been duly appretiated by our contemporaries. The services which he has rendered to the cause of literature are of such great value, and so much of the respect with which mankind is disposed to view a veteran in arms, is unquestionably due to him; that, had we the power, we would pass an absolute act of grace for all his faults, with no exception of the most obnoxious, not even the perpetual recurrence of the expletive epithets, 'juvenile, affectionate, interesting,' and some others of the like inanity of character.

ART. VI.—*The Travels of Captains Lewis and Clarke, from St. Louis, by Way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the Years* 1804, 1805, *and* 1806, *by Order of the Government of the United States; containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians, compiled from various authentic Sources, and original Documents; and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of Meriwether Lewis. Illustrated with a Map of the Country inhabited by the western Tribes of Indians.* London, Longman, 1809. 8vo. *pp.* 307.

ON the 18th of January, 1803, Captain Meriwether Lewis was appointed to trace the river Missouri, from its mouth to its source, and thence crossing the high lands, to seek the best communication by water to the Pacific Ocean. He was assisted by Lieutenant Clarke, and a party consisting of forty-three persons. These persons were divided into two companies, the one of which travelled by land, and the other was conveyed by water, in three small vessels, adapted for the ascent of the Missouri. Both companies met together at night, and encamped by the river.

The Missouri joins the Mississippi, five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th degree of north lat. Captain Meriwether Lewis ascended it about 600 leagues, without perceiving any diminution of the velocity or the width of the stream. Settlements of American families extend to twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi. Beyond this point its banks are peopled by the Indian tribes. Among these are found the names of the Great and Little Osages, the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes, or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, and the Sioux. The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies; the latter become every year more numerous, by the ravage of the fires which the Indians or the white hunters kindle in the autumn.

The flat country is covered with huge and stately trees; canoes are said to be made out of one piece of the sycamore, 'which carry nearly 18,000 cwt.' But we suppose that here is some error of the press. The soil is adapted to every species of grain. Hemp seems to be an indigenous plant. Salt water springs are numerous, and salt mines have been found.

The *Snake Indians* inhabit the country at the head of the Missouri. They are represented as existing in a deplorable

state of savage wretchedness; and to have 'little besides the features of human beings.' They subsist

'on berries and fish; the former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess,—in these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless inoffensive people; when we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror, many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

'The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterise any other tribe of Indians, that came within the compass of our observation. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large light coloured eyes, and are very meager, which gives them a frightful aspect.

'For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty-seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.'

The head of the river Columbia is inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the *Pallotepallors*, or *Flatheads*. The latter appellation is given to them from their predominant fashion of rendering the skull as flat as possible. For this purpose they compress the heads of their children by boards, laid together and adapted to the accomplishment of this important purpose. Their criterion of beauty is constituted by this factitious deformity of the skull. These savages, like the *Snake Indians*, are said to abound in horses, which are supported during the winter on a shrub which bears a nutritious leaf. The following is an extract from a letter from Captain Clarke to his brother, dated St. Louis, 23d Sept. 1806, after his return. In returning across the rocky mountains,

'we divided ourselves into several parties, digressing from the route by which we went out, in order the more effectually to explore the country, and discover the most practicable route which does exist across the continent, by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers: in this we were completely successful, and have therefore no hesitation in declaring, that, such as nature has permitted, we have discovered the best route which does exist across the continent of North America in that direction. Such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the Rapids, below the great falls of that river, a distance of two thousand five hundred and seventy-five miles, thence by land, passing by the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of the Kooskooske,

three hundred and forty; and with the Kooskooske, seventy-three miles. Lewis's river one hundred and fifty-four miles, and the Columbia four hundred and thirteen miles, to the Pacific Ocean, making the total distance, from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean, three thousand five hundred and fifty-five miles. The navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good; its difficulties arise from its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, its sand bars, and the steady rapidity of its current, all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty, by using the necessary precautions. The passage by land of three hundred and forty miles, from the falls of the Missouri to the Kooskooske, is the most formidable part of the track proposed across the continent. Of this distance, two hundred miles is along a good road, and one hundred and forty miles over tremendous mountains, which for sixty miles are covered with eternal snows. A passage over these mountains is, however, practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September; and the cheap rate at which horses are to be obtained from the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and the west of them, reduces the expences of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. The navigation of the Kooskooske, Lewis's river, and the Columbia, is safe and good, from the first of April to the middle of August, by making three portages on the latter river; the first of which, in descending, is twelve hundred paces at the falls of Columbia, two hundred and sixty-one miles up that river; the second of two miles at the long narrows, six miles below the falls, and a third, also of two miles, at the great Rapids, sixty-five miles still lower down. The tide flows up the Columbia one hundred and eighty-three miles, and within seven miles of the great Rapids. Large sloops may with safety ascend as high as the tide water; and vessels of 300 tons burthen reach the entrance of the Multnomah river, a large southern branch of the Columbia, which takes its rise on the confines of New Mexico, with the Callerado and Apostle's rivers, discharging itself into the Columbia, one hundred and twenty-five miles from its entrance into the Pacific Ocean. I consider this track across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in nine-tenths of the most valuable fur country in America, may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia, and shipped from thence to the East Indies, by the first of August in each year; and will of course reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain.'

These American travellers represent the treatment, which they received from the Indian tribes through which they passed, as kind and hospitable; with the exception of the Sioux, who seem to have conceived a project for murdering their visitants, from which they are said to have been deter-

red only by the threat of Captain Lewis and his associates to spread among them the infection of the small-pox, of which plague they felt a most vivid dread from melancholy experience of its ravages. The other tribes of Indians invited our travellers with unsuspecting confidence to

'smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children in particular were not wanting in shewing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a "talk," in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

'When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer; of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—"That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright starlight by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children." These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight.'

These gentlemen were often exposed to danger from the attacks of wild beasts, particularly a kind of light-coloured bear with which the head of the Missouri abounds. These animals are said to rush with great fury upon every assailant. The following is a description of an encounter which one of the party had with an enormous snake.

'Before we reached Fort Mandan, while I was out on an excursion of hunting, one of the greatest monsters that ever shocked the mind with horror was presented to my sight. When passing deliberately in a forest that bordered on a prairie, I heard a rustling in the bushes; I leaped towards the object, delighted with the prospect of acquiring game. But on proceeding a few paces further, my blood was chilled by the appearance of a serpent of an enormous size; on discovering me, he immediately erected his head to a great height; his colour was of yellower hue than the spots of a rattle snake, and on the top of his back were spots of a reddish colour: his eyes emitted fire, his tongue

darted, as though he menaced my destruction. He was evidently in the attitude of springing at me, when I levelled my rifle at him; but probably owing to my consternation, I only wounded him; but the explosion of the gun and the wound turned to flight the awful enemy. Perhaps you may think, that my fright has magnified the description. I can candidly aver, that he was in bulk half as large as a middle sized man.'

Captain Lewis remarks, that he never observed any decayed teeth among the Indians, and that their breath is as sweet as the air they inhale. They do not attach any idea of ornament or dignity to a beard; and as soon as any hairs appear on the face, they pluck them up by the roots, with nippers, which they form out of bent pieces of hard wood. In deep snows the Indians

' wear skins that entirely cover their legs and feet, and almost answer for breeches, being held up by strings tied to the lower part of their waist. Their bodies, in the winter season, are covered with different kinds of skins, that are tanned with the fur on, which they wear next to the skin. Those of the men, who wish to appear more gay than others, pluck out the greatest part of their hair, leaving only small locks as fancy dictates, on which are hung different kinds of quills, and feathers of elegant plumage superbly painted. The Sioux and Osages, who traffick with the Americans, wear some of our apparel, such as shirts and blankets; the former they cannot bear tied at the wristbands and collars, and the latter they throw loosely over their shoulders. Their chiefs dress very gay: about their heads they wear all kinds of ornaments that can well be bestowed upon them, which are curiously wrought, and in the winter long robes of the richest fur, that trail on the ground.

' In the summer there is no great peculiarity, only that what the higher rank wear is excessively ornamented.

' The Indians paint their heads and faces yellow, green, red, and black; which they esteem very ornamental. They also paint themselves when they go to war; but the method they make use of on this occasion differs from that which they employ merely for decoration.

' The *Chipaway* young men, who are emulous of excelling their companions in finery, slit the outward rim of both ears; at the same time they take care not to separate them entirely, but leave the flesh thus cut, still untouched at both extremities, around this spongy substance, from the upper to the lower part, they twist brass wire till the weight draws the amputated rim in a bow of five or six inches diameter, and drags it down almost to the shoulder. This decoration is esteemed gay and becoming.

' It is also a custom among them to bore their noses, and wear in them pendants of different sorts. Shells are often worn, which, when painted, are reckoned very ornamental.'

The Indians who live near the snowy mountains subsist in a great measure on berries, which abound in the fields.

'The Taukies, and other eastern tribes, where Indian corn grows, take green corn and beans, boil them together with bear's flesh, the fat of which gives a flavour, and renders it beyond comparison delicious: they call this dish succatosh.

'In general they have no idea of the use of milk, although great quantities might be collected from the buffalo and elk. They only consider it proper for the nourishment of the young of these animals, in their tender state. It cannot be perceived, that any inconvenience arises from the disuse of articles so much esteemed by civilized nations, which they employ to give a relish and flavour to their food. But on the contrary, the great healthiness of the Indians, and the unhealthiness of the sons of Epicurus, prove that the diet of the former is the most salutary.

'They preserve their meat by exposing it to the sun in the summer, and in the winter by putting it between cakes of ice, which keep it sweet, and free from any putrefactive quality.

'Their food consists, in a great measure, of the flesh of the bear, buffalo, and deer. They who reside near the head of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, chiefly make use of the buffalo and elk, which are often seen from fifty to a hundred in a drove. Where there are plenty of the two last mentioned animals there are but few of the former, and where there are many of the former, but few of the latter.

'The mode of roasting their meat, is by burning it under ground, on the side of a hill, placing stones next to the meat: the mode of building to heat it somewhat resembles the fire-place made under a limekiln. In this manner they roast the largest of their animals.

'The mode of cooking smaller pieces is to roast them in stones, that are hewn out for the purpose.'

These gentlemen represent the Indians among whom they travelled as in the highest degree hospitable and kind. Their generosity, indeed, is depicted as such, that they will not refuse to share their last morsel with the indigent of their own tribe, or even of other tribes. They elicit fire by the friction of pieces of wood of a particular kind, with which they procure it with ease. They are said to be very circumspect and deliberate in their conduct, and not to kindle into anger on trivial occasions. The rancour which they cherish towards their enemies, has, from long habit, acquired the force of instinct among all the tribes.

The author mentions instances of their apparent want of those sensibilities, the possession of which is with us reckoned the highest ornament of the human character.

'If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months,

either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more refined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house: he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.'

The self-denial which they practise, and the command which they acquire over the most imperious appetites are truly admirable.

'If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.'

Their sagacity is such, that they will cross a forest or a plain of two hundred miles in extent, without any considerable deviations from the direct line, to the particular point which they wish to reach. Their sense of smell or of sight is so acute, that they will pursue, with the utmost certainty, the traces of man or beast either on leaves or grass. Their memories are so retentive, as to serve for an accurate register of all the events of their time. They pay a greater respect to age, than ever seems shewn by more civilized people. Like all savages, they seem to pass their lives in the extremes of activity or indolence. When any of them are bereaved of their children by death or casualties, those, who have the greatest number of prisoners, supply the deficiency. These persons who are thus adopted, are treated with every instance of parental regard.

The contempt, which the Indians manifest for money, is almost incredible to Europeans, particularly those among whom the '*auri sacra fames*' most prevails.

'The Indians can form to themselves no idea of the value of money; they consider it, when they are made acquainted with the uses to which it is applied by other nations, as the source of innumerable evils. To it they attribute all the mischiefs that are prevalent among Europeans, such as treachery, plundering, devastation, and murder.

'They esteem it irrational, that one man should be possessed of a greater quantity than another, and are amazed that any honour should be annexed to the possession of it.

'But that the want of this useless metal should be the cause of depriving persons of their liberty, and that on the account of this particular distribution of it, great numbers should be shut up within the dreary walls of a prison, cut off from society of which they constitute a part, exceeds their belief; nor do they fail, on hearing this part of the United States' system of government related, to charge the institutors of it with a total want of humanity, and to brand them with the names of savages and brutes.'

The Indians have little recourse to physic or physicians; and even the use of midwives is unknown.

'Soon after the birth of a child, it is placed on a board, which is covered with a skin stuffed with soft moss: the child is laid on its back, and tied to it. To these machines are fastened strings, by which they hang them to branches of trees; or, if they do not find trees handy, they place them against a stump or stone while they dress the deer or fish, or do any domestic business. In this position they are kept until they are several months old. When taken out they are suffered to go naked, and are daily bathed in cold water, which renders them vigorous and active.

'An Indian child is generally kept at the breast until it is two years old, and sometimes, though rarely, a year longer.'

The modes of life which the Indians pursue, prevent them from the persecution of that horrid train of nervous diseases which embitter the days of more sickly Europeans. The author says, that on a very vigilant search, he could not learn that a single case of *melancholy* or madness had ever occurred among them. They are said to cure fever by the alternate use of the vapour and the cold bath. Their mode of preparing the former is ingenious, and might suggest some useful hint for the domestic application of this useful remedy amongst ourselves. Some stones, heated red-hot are placed in a cavity in the earth, from which runs an aperture, over which the patient is placed. Hot water is poured on the stones, from which a stream of vapour ascends, which soon causes the person above to break out into a profuse perspiration. These savages, if so they may be termed, are then said to

plunge into a river, and thence to retire 'into a warm bed.' This sudden change of temperature and sensation would probably be fatal to the majority of Europeans, though it seems to be practised not only by the Indians, but by the Russians without any inconvenience.

The Indians in the interior parts, to whom the observations of the author are chiefly applicable, number their years by winters, or as they more specifically express it, by snows. Some of the tribes reckon their years by moons, and make them 'consist of twelve synodical or lunar months, taking care, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon; and then begin to count as before.' They call their months by very expressive names, significant of some particular circumstance, which is then an object of peculiar interest or attention. For instance, they call August the sturgeon moon, because they then catch great numbers of that fish. They term October the travelling moon, because in that month they travel towards the place where they intend to hunt during the winter. They name November the beaver moon, because the beavers then begin to retire to their houses, after having laid in their winter store.

They reckon the distance of places by a day's journey, which appears to amount to about twenty English miles. These days' journeys they divide into halves and quarters, and are said to note them with great exactness with hieroglyphic signs, in charts which they draw on the bark of the birch.

Every nation of Indians is divided into bands or tribes, each of which forms a community, which is distinguished by some peculiar badge or symbol, as that of the eagle, the panther, the buffalo, &c. The different nations are characterised by similar distinctions. Every band has a chief, who is chosen to direct their military operations; and another, whose pre-eminence seems to be hereditary, and who has the more especial care of their civil interests. Every Indian is so tenacious of his liberty, that he spurns every appearance of arbitrary restraint. Their chiefs rather suggest what it is fit to do, than command it to be done. Thus the emulation of individuals is inflamed; and the chiefs establish an almost absolute sway rather on the respect which is paid to their authority, than on any servile submission to their power.

' Each family has a right to appoint one of its chiefs to be an assistant to the principal chief, who watches over the interest of his family, and without whose consent nothing of a public nature can be carried into execution. These are generally chosen for their ability in speaking; and such only are permitted to make orations in their councils and general assemblies.

'In this body, with the hereditary chief at its head, the supreme authority appears to be lodged; as by its determination every transaction relative to their hunting, to their making war or peace, and to all their public concerns is regulated.'

The author says, that dog's flesh constitutes the only dish at all their grand public feasts. As hunting is their principal occupation, as they are trained to it from their youth, and as it is both a way to distinction and a mean of subsistence, it is no wonder that they are famed for their dexterity in the chase. They can discern the footsteps of the animals they are pursuing when they are imperceptible to every other eye, and they can 'follow them with certainty through the pathless forest.' Their hunting expeditions are said to be preceded by a preparatory fast, which they do not observe by *eating to excess*, (as is the case in some other places) but by a total abstinence from food of every kind. But their cheerfulness is not diminished by the rigour of their mortification. They assign one curious reason for this fasting;—that they can then more freely dream. Nothing can exceed their indefatigable activity when they are in pursuit of their prey. They proceed in the most direct line to their object, without being stopped by thickets, torrents, pools, or rivers. The author gives a copious and particular account of the military system of the Indians, of their mode of declaring war, of their method of conducting it, and of their treatment of their prisoners. The Indians generally attack their enemy just before day-break, when they suppose them to be merged in the most profound sleep.

'Throughout the whole of the preceding night they will lie flat upon their faces, without stirring; and make their approaches in the same posture, creeping upon their hands and feet till they are got within bow-shot of those they have destined to destruction. On a signal given by the chief warrior, to which the whole body makes answer by the most hideous yells, they all start up, and discharging their arrows in the same instant, without giving their adversaries time to recover from the confusion into which they are thrown, pour in upon them with their war clubs or tomahawks.

'The Indians think there is little glory to be acquired from attacking their enemies openly in the field; their greatest pride is to surprise and destroy. They seldom engage with a manifest appearance of disadvantage. If they find the enemy on their guard, too strongly entrenched, or superior in numbers, they retire, provided there is an opportunity of doing so. And they esteem it the greatest qualification of a chief warrior, to be able to manage an attack, so as to destroy as many of the enemy as possible, at the expense of a few men.

'When the Indians succeed in their silent approaches and are able to force the camp which they attack, a scene of horror that exceeds description ensues. The savage fierceness of the conquerors, and the desperation of the conquered, who well know what they have to expect should they fall alive into the hands of their assailants, occasion the most extraordinary exertions on both sides. The figure of the combatants all besmeared with black and red paint, and covered with the blood of the slain, their horrid yells and ungovernable fury, are not to be conceived by those who have never seen them.'

They guard the prisoners whom they make in war, with the greatest circumspection, while they are retiring to their own frontier.

'During the day, if the journey is over land, they are always held by some of the victorious party; if by water, they are fastened to the canoe. In the night time they are stretched along the ground quite naked, with their legs, arms, and neck fastened to hooks fixed in the ground. Besides this, cords are tied to their arms or legs, which are held by an Indian, who instantly awakes at the least motion of them.

'During their march they oblige their prisoners to sing their death song, which generally consists of these or similar sentences: "I am going to die, I am about to suffer: but I will bear the severest tortures my enemies can inflict, with becoming fortitude. I will die like a brave man, and I shall then go to join the chiefs that have suffered on the same account." These songs are continued with necessary intervals, until they reach the village or camp to which they are going.'

On the return of the warriors to their village or camp,

'the women and children arm themselves with sticks and bludgeons, and form themselves into two ranks, through which the prisoners are obliged to pass. The treatment they undergo before they reach the extremity of the line is very severe. Sometimes they are so beaten over the head and face, as to have scarcely any remains of life; and happy would it be for them, if by this usage an end was put to their wretched beings. But their tormentors take care that none of the blows they give prove mortal, as they wish to reserve the miserable sufferers for more severe inflictions.'

'The prisoners destined to death are soon led to the place of execution, which is generally in the centre of the camp or village; where, being stript, and every part of their bodies blackened, the skin of a crow or raven is fixed on their heads. They are then bound to a stake, with faggots heaped around them, and obliged, for the last time, to sing their death song.

'The warriors, for such only commonly suffer this punishment, now perform in a more prolix manner this sad solemnity.

They recount with an audible voice all the brave actions they have performed, and pride themselves in the number of enemies they have killed. In this rehearsal they spare not even their tormentors, but strive by every provoking tale they can invent, to irritate and insult them. Sometimes this has the desired effect, and the sufferers are dispatched sooner than they otherwise would have been.'

When the Indians send a deputation to negociate a termination of hostilities, they bear before them the pipe, or calumet of peace, which is universally treated with the greatest veneration, even by the most barbarous tribes. This calumet is about four feet in length. The bowl is made of red marble, and the stem of a light wood, painted with hieroglyphics of various colours, and adorned with feathers of the most beautiful birds. Each nation is said to have a different method of decorating the calumet. All treaties are introduced by the ceremonious use of this sacred symbol of amity. A belt of wampum serves as a ratification of the treaty.

'These belts are made of shells found on the coasts of New England and Virginia, which are sawed out into beads of an oblong form, about a quarter of an inch long, and round like other beads. Being strung on leathern strings, and several of them sewed neatly together with fine sinewy threads, they compose what is termed a belt of wampum.

'The shells are generally of two colours, some white and others violet; but the latter are more highly esteemed than the former. They are held in as much estimation by the Indians, as gold, silver, or precious stones are by the Americans.

'The belts are composed of ten, twelve, or a greater number of strings, according to the importance of the affair in agitation, or the dignity of the person to whom it is presented. On more trifling occasions, strings of these beads are presented by the chiefs to each other, and frequently worn by them about their necks as a valuable ornament.'

'The Indians allow of polygamy, and persons of every rank indulge themselves in this point. The chiefs in particular have a seraglio, which consists of an uncertain number, usually from six to twelve or fourteen. The lower rank are permitted to take as many as there is a probability of their being able, with the children they may bear, to maintain. It is not uncommon for an Indian to marry two sisters; sometimes, if there happen to be more, the whole number; and notwithstanding this (as it appears to civilized nations) unnatural union, they all live in the greatest harmony.'

The priests of the Indians, like those of all uncivilized nations, perform at the same time, the office of physicians and of conjurors.

'When any of the people are ill, the person who is invested with the triple character of doctor, priest, and magician, sits by the patient day and night, rattling in his ears a goad shell, filled with dry beans, called a chichicoue, and making a disagreeable noise that cannot well be described.

'This uncouth harmony one would imagine would disturb the sick person and prevent the good effects of the doctor's prescription; but, on the contrary, they believe that the method made use of contributes to his recovery, by diverting from his malignant purposes the evil spirit who has inflicted the disorder; or at least that it will take off his attention, so that he shall not increase the malady.'

The following account evinces a degree of sagacity which is not often equalled by the disciples of Æsculapius or the ministering priests of Lucina, even in this enlightened country. A woman at Penobscot, in the province of Maine, in the north east part of New England, had been for two or three days in travail. Every possible assistance which the obstetric skill of the place could afford had been applied in vain, and it was expected that the poor sufferer would soon breathe her last. While she was in this situation, an Indian woman happened to be informed of the circumstance, when she requested to be admitted to prescribe in this desperate exigency. This was permitted, when she

'took a handkerchief, and bound it tight over the nose and mouth of the woman: this immediately brought on a suffocation; and from the struggles that consequently ensued, she was in a few seconds delivered. The moment this was achieved, and time enough to prevent any fatal effect, the handkerchief was taken off. The long suffering patient thus happily relieved from her pains, soon after perfectly recovered, to the astonishment of all those who had been witnesses to her desperate situation.'

The calm composure with which the Indian contemplates his approaching end, and the dignity which he displays in the closing scene, will not always very readily find a parallel in the death-beds of more civilized religionists.

'An Indian meets death when it approaches him in his hut, with the same resolution as he evinces when called to face him in the field. His indifference under this important trial, which is the source of so many apprehensions to almost every other nation, is truly admirable. When his fate is pronounced by the physician, and it remains no longer uncertain, he harangues those about him with the greatest composure.

'If he is a chief and has a family, he makes a kind of funeral oration, which he concludes by giving to his children such advice for the regulation of their conduct as he thinks necessary. He then takes leave of his friends, and issues out orders for the pre-

paration of a feast, which is designed to regale those of his tribe that can come to pronounce his eulogium.'

The author appears to have drawn a very fair and impartial summary of the Indian character, of its dark and its bright parts, in the next passage which we shall produce.

'That the Indians are of a cruel, revengeful, inexorable disposition, that they will watch whole days unmindful of the calls of nature, and make their way through pathless, and almost unbounded woods, subsisting only on the scanty produce of them, to pursue and revenge themselves of an enemy; that they hear unmoved the piercing cries of such as unhappily fall into their hands, and receive a diabolical pleasure from the tortures they inflict on their prisoners, I readily grant; but let us look on the reverse of this terrifying picture, and we shall find them temperate both in their diet and potations, (it must be remembered that I speak of those tribes who have little communication with Americans) that they withstand, with unexampled patience the attacks of hunger, or the inclemency of the seasons, and esteem the gratification of their appetites but as a secondary consideration.

'We shall likewise see them social and humane to those whom they consider as their friends, and even to their adopted enemies; and ready to share with them the last morsel, or to risk their lives in their defence.

'In contradiction to the report of many other travellers, all of which have been tinctured with prejudice, I can assert, that notwithstanding the apparent indifference with which an Indian meets his wife and children after a long absence, an indifference proceeding rather from custom than insensibility, he is not unmindful of the claims either of connubial or parental tenderness.

'Accustomed from their youth to innumerable hardships, they soon become superior to a sense of danger, or the dread of death; and their fortitude, implanted by nature, and nurtured by example, by precept and accident, never experiences a moment's allay.

'Though slothful and inactive whilst their stores of provisions remain unexhausted, and their foes are at a distance, they are indefatigable and persevering in pursuit of their game, or in circumventing their enemies.

'If they are artful and designing, and ready to take every advantage, if they are cool and deliberate in their councils, and cautious in the extreme, either of discovering their sentiments, or of revealing a secret, they might at the same time boast of possessing qualifications of a more animated nature, of the sagacity of a hound, the penetrating sight of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, the agility of a bounding roe, and the unconquerable fierceness of the tiger.

'In their public characters, as forming part of a community,

they possess an attachment for that band to which they belong, unknown to the inhabitants of any other country. They combine, as if they were actuated only by one soul, against the enemies of their nation, and banish from their minds every consideration opposed to this.

'They consult without unnecessary opposition, or without giving way to the excitements of envy or ambition, on the measures necessary to be pursued for the destruction of those who have drawn on themselves their displeasure. No selfish views ever influence their advice, or obstruct their consultations. Nor is it in the power of bribes or threats to diminish the love they bear their country.

'The honour of their tribe, and the welfare of their nation, are the first and most predominant emotions of their hearts; and from hence proceed in a great measure all their virtues and their vices. Actuated by these, they brave every danger, endure the most refined torments, and expire triumphing in their fortitude, not as a personal quality, but as a national characteristic.

'From hence also flow that insatiable revenge towards those with whom they are at war, and all the consequent horrors that disgrace their name. Their uncultivated mind being incapable of judging of the propriety of an action, in opposition to their passions, which are totally insensible of the controul of reason or humanity, they know not how to keep their fury within any bounds, and consequently that courage and resolution, which would otherwise do them honour, degenerate into a savage ferocity.

We have next some interesting sketches of the Knistenaux and Chepewyan Indians 'from the pen of Mackenzie.' Then follow some slight notices, called a 'statistical view' of the '*grand Osage nation*,' the '*Kanzas*,' '*Ottoes*,' '*Missouri*,' '*Panias*,' '*Panias Republicans*,' '*Panias Loups*,' '*Mahas*,' 'Poncars,' 'Ricaras,' 'Mandans,' '*Ahwahhaway*,' 'Minetares,' 'Saukies and Renars,' 'Wahpatone,' 'Mindawarcarton,' 'Wahpacoota,' 'Sissatone,' 'Yanktons of the North,' 'Yanktons Ahnah,' 'Tetons Bois Brule, Tetons Okandandas, Tetons Minnakineazzo, Tetons Sahone,' 'Chyennes,' 'Wetepahatoes,' 'Dotame,' 'Castahana,' 'Crow Indians,' 'Faunch Indians,' 'Manetopa, Oseegah, Mahtopanato,' 'Chippeways, *of Leach Lake*,' 'Chippeways, *of Red Lake*,' 'Chippeways, *of River Pembena*,' 'Algonquins, *of Rainy Lake*,' 'Algonquins, *of Portage de Prairie*,' 'Christenoes,' 'Aliatans, Snake Indians,' 'Aliatans, *of the West*,' 'Aliatans,' *of La Playes*,' 'Pania Pique,' 'Paducas.' We have mentioned the names of these different Indian nations, that our readers may have recourse to their maps, and see how many of them have obtained the notice of geographers. These numerous tribes will, probably, in the course of a few

centuries, vanish before the population of European settlers, which is spreading towards the west, and labouring to extend itself across the North American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The ravages of the small-pox and of fermented liquors, have been almost equally fatal to the Indian tribes, and many of their districts have been depopulated by these two scourges, for both of which they appear indebted to the settlers from the old world. The introduction of the vaccine process may, probably, counteract the desolating effects of the one, but mercantile avarice will not readily cease to supply the other.

After this 'statistical view,' we have some 'historical sketches of the several Indian tribes in Louisiana, south of the Bakansas river, and between the Mississippi and River Grand.' Then comes an essay on the 'origin of the North American Indian population;' in which the subject is left in its pristine obscurity. Arguments from ancient traditions are very vague and indefinite; arguments from the affinities of language are almost equally fanciful and uncertain. Those reasons which are founded on geographical position, or local contiguity, seem the most satisfactory, as they not only exhibit a theory, but shew the facility of its practical accomplishment. Hence those who derive the Indian American population from the north-eastern extremities of Asia, seem to support the most plausible hypothesis. The volume is concluded with

'Observations made in a voyage, commencing at St. Catherine's Landing, on the east bank of the Mississippi, proceeding downwards to the mouth of the Red River, and from thence ascending that river, the Black River, and the Washita River, as high as the Hot Springs, in the proximity of the last mentioned river, extracted from the journals of William Dunbar, Esq. and Doctor Hunter.'

Upon the whole, this is an interesting volume, and exhibits not only some valuable geographical notices, but very copious and amusing details respecting the manners, habits, and divisions of the Indian North American tribes.

ART. VII.—*History of Dissenters, from the Revolution, 1688, to the Year 1808; in four Volumes. By David Bogue and James Bennett.* London, Williams and Smith, 1808.

CIVIL history is, for the most part, only a tissue of atrocities and crimes; and ecclesiastical history, though it is

not without its crimes and atrocities, is yet more particularly a picture of the follies and delusions of our imperfect fellow-creatures. Those religious truths, which are of any importance to mankind, are very few in number, and very easily discerned; but such are not the truths which most engross the attention, or animate the controversial ardour of theologues or their auditors. Questions about frivolous ceremonies, or mysterious and idle doctrines, with the conduct which their different champions pursue in defending them, and in combating the arguments or assailing the tenets of their adversaries, chiefly occupy the dull and cheerless page of ecclesiastical history. The English dissenters, even of the last hundred and twenty years (a period in which knowledge of all kinds has been gradually but widely diffused), have not, on many occasions, shewn less zeal about trifles, or less heat, ill-will, and animosity about dark and inscrutable points of belief, than religionists of more ignorant and more turbulent times. The history of these persons then, except as far as relates to their struggles for civil and religious liberty, in which men of all persuasions are more or less interested, does not appear to us to possess any attractions very superior to what we find in the theological history of a less enlightened age. The doctrinal controversies which have been agitated in the bosom of the presbyterians, the independents, or the methodists, or in which these different bodies of religionists have been engaged in a war of words with the established church, are almost as disgusting and repulsive to a man of good sense and sober piety, as those which relate to the Gnostics, Valentinians, Nestorians, Eutychians, &c. of an early period, whose different modes of mental hallucination are now equally disregarded and despised. The history of fanaticism, in order to be rendered instructive and interesting, ought not be written by a fanatic; and he, who thinks to unveil the delusions of others with historical fidelity, ought not himself to be a slave to the spells of which he undertakes to depict the effects. He, who would write a clear, luminous, and impartial history of dissenters, should be able to elevate his mind above the contracted views, the sordid conceptions, and the illiberal principles by which they have too often been actuated, and from which they are not even yet entirely free. But what can we expect from a history of dissenters, written by two persons, who, as appears from the present work, are votaries of that species of nominal Christianity which passes under the name of Calvinism?

In the preface to their work these writers say, 'It is in the ecclesiastical department that history is carried forward to its true and noblest end. For, who but children read the historic

page, *for the mere knowledge of tales and dates?* We do not know exactly what the authors mean by *tales* in the passage just quoted; but we suppose that they intend it as an ironical or contemptuous term for *facts*. But this would imply that ecclesiastical history, which Messrs. Bogue and Bennett so highly extol, has nothing to do with *facts and dates*, which are to be consigned to the nursery, and not to burthen the brains of adults. We will readily concede to Messrs. Bogue and Bennett that history has nothing to do with *tales*, if by tales be meant fictitious representations, rather than real facts. But as from the word *dates*, which are connected with *tales* in the above passage, we cannot but conclude that they mean facts rather than fictions, we must assert the honour of history in opposition to their detraction; and ask in what has history such a close and intimate concern as with facts and dates? The authors proceed, 'he whose mind is imbued with the true spirit of history, values it chiefly for the *knowledge of man which it conveys*, and the lessons of moral and political wisdom which it so forcibly inculcates.' In this passage the pious writers contradict, at least by inference, what they had said in the preceding; for can the knowledge of man be obtained by him who has no knowledge of the facts relative to man, and who considers *facts and dates* as no better than the idle prattle of the nursery? Are not facts the criterion of human virtue and ability? He who values history, may value it chiefly for the moral lessons which it conveys; but how are those moral lessons to be formed, except from reflection on the conduct of individuals and nations, as it is developed in the facts of history, lucidly stated and orderly arranged? In whatever light we consider history, we must regard *facts and dates* as matter of its highest interest and concern. But what are we to think of a history compiled by writers, who set out with professing their contempt for facts and dates? With respect to the few *facts* which are recorded in these volumes, the authors have been rather sparing of the *authorities* on which they rest; and with respect to *dates* they have been true to their principles, and hardly favoured us with any. Without the quotation of *authorities*, the credibility of history resolves itself into that of the writer; and without *dates*, any narrative soon becomes a chaos of confusion. In p. 22, the writers say, 'is it to the credit of our regard for christianity that we have no modern history devoted chiefly to the *church of Christ in Britain?*' We suppose that these writers mean to supply this defect; but they adopt rather an odd method of doing it, by confining the pale of the *church of Christ* to the dissenters. The dissenters do, as we admit, form part of this church; but we cannot

agree with Messrs. Bogue and Bennett that they ought to occupy the nave and both the aisles. In p. 25, the authors furnish us with a rare specimen of *profundity* and of elegance. They say, 'by mutual acquaintance men cease to *stare* at each other as barbarians.' If we were acquainted with Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, we might, perhaps, *cease to stare* at the diction of their history. P. 26, the authors say, 'when power was in the hands of the dissenters, then they promulgated the doctrine, that conscience was free from all restraints but that of God.' Do Messrs. Bogue and Bennett recollect the conduct of the assembly of divines, who *voted presbytery to be of divine right*, and who were much less tolerant in their opinions and their conduct than the establishment has ever been since the restoration? In p. 31, the authors, who had previously professed no predilection for facts and dates, tell us, in a tone of great self-complacency and exultation, 'We have departed widely from the *unprofitable sterility* of Mosheim, *who has given the history of any thing but religion.*' Messrs. Bogue and Bennett must accordingly suppose that they have given the *history of nothing but religion.* But if that be religion which they have described, where are we to seek the phenomena of folly and delusion? The following may serve as specimens of the religious temperament of Messrs. Bogue and Bennett:

'*If*, after the public worship of the Sabbath, the rest of the day is given up to business or *pleasure*, to *unprofitable visits*, and *worldly conversation*, what is there to stamp his character as a christian, and to distinguish him from *the world which lieth in wickedness?*'

We are no advocates for the Sabbath being made a day of *business*, if by *business* be meant keeping shop, scoring accounts, holding the plough, or filling a dung-cart. Nor are we advocates for making Sunday a day of *pleasure*, if by pleasure be meant throwing dice, playing cards, fighting cocks, getting drunk at a tavern, or riding after a pack of hounds. We are not advocates for profaning the Sunday by these or by any vicious, extravagant, or intemperate amusements. But we think with a wiser than ourselves, or even than the *eminent* historians Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, that 'the *Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath*;' and that, after a certain reasonable portion of the day has been spent in devotional effusions of praise and thanksgiving to the Father of mercies, the remainder cannot be better employed than in social hilarity and innocent recreation. The exercise of the benevolent sympathies of the heart in the kind and endearing intercourse of friends and acquaintance on the Sabbath is, we

have no doubt, a more acceptable homage to the Father of spirits, than the brawling out Watts's or Wesley's hymns in the tumultuous concourse of the tabernacle. The following passage, to which we might add many similar, or some in which the language is even more gross and less becoming the dignity of history, shews the *polemical slang* of the school to which the writers belong:

'This fiery persecution' (of the dissenters by James II.) 'produced an effect supremely honourable to the sufferers; for several ministers of the establishment forsook it, as unworthy the name of a church of Christ, since it was stained with the blood of the saints, the *dye of the scarlet whore.*'

Of Charles II. we are told that 'he used to come from the bed of his harlots to church and to sacrament.' In the end of vol. i. the writers thus express their sentiments on episcopal ordination and the imposition of hands.

'If it is conceived,' say they, 'that any influence was actually communicated, it must be of so deleterious a quality, that a person of a pure mind who had viewed the channel through which it ran, on seeing the lawn sleeves lifted up to confer ordination, would cry out in terror, *Keep off your filthy hands from me: the head of Judas Iscariot would be polluted by their touch.*'

We are not among those who ascribe any virtue whatever to the imposition of episcopal hands; but we do not like this rude and vulgar assault on what is, at worst, not only an ancient but a harmless ceremony. In describing the origin of the methodists, the writers say,

'The present methodists sprang from Oxford, which has thus alone atoned for the guilt of cherishing high-church prejudices and monkish bigotry, by giving birth to sons who have enlisted themselves in the ranks of dissent, and have reduced the crest of the priesthood lower than ever it had fallen before.'

Whatever may have been our past or may be our present regret for the want of *whiggism* in our alma mater, we yet did not imagine that any writers would appear who could suppose this defect to be removed by the parturition of a monster with a thousand heads. Only the two first volumes of this work are before us, and we have not learned that the remainder are yet published. We hope that the style and manner of the writers will improve as they proceed in the prosecution of their task, and that the two last volumes will be free from the numerous faults which occur in the two first.

ART. VIII.—*The Iliad of Homer, translated into English blank Verse, by the Rev. James Morrice, A. M. &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 21s. boards.* White, 1809.

WITHOUT giving into the fashionable cant, borrowed from the custom-house and the counter, of 'the glut of literary articles,' 'overstocking the market,' 'expenditure,' and 'consumption,' &c. &c. &c. without denying to every writer the privilege and benefit of 'a free trade,' or calling the legal exercise of that privilege into question; and, moreover, granting the claims to attention which are justly possessed by one who has devoted a considerable portion of time and labour to the illustration of the first of poets; it is nevertheless consistent with all these professions to require that some reason should, at least, be offered for presenting to the public a work so unlikely to have been called for, as a new translation of Homer. Mr. Morrice, it should appear, has seen no necessity for any exposition of this nature.

'By what motives he (the translator) may have been induced to add one to the versions which have been given in the English language, it is not material to relate; nor, if related, could it be presumed that others should see in them sufficient reason for obtruding it on the world, what influence soever they might have on his own mind.' *p.* 7.

This sort of apology it is very difficult to understand. Supposing an author to be at liberty to withhold from the public the motives which have brought him before its tribunal, he is at least bound to weigh those motives in his own mind, and, if his private judgment has pronounced them to be defective (which is what Mr. M. seems to avow), then what reasonable excuse can be made for his acting in the same manner that he would have done had it led him to a different result? An author may be mistaken in his estimate; and the natural propensity of man to over-rate his individual merits is a fair ground of palliation for the error of publishing. But if an author is fortunate enough to judge without that natural partiality, and if the conclusion he forms be that the public will not thank him for the gift he had thought of presenting for its acceptance, why press his favours upon an unwilling receiver?

But Mr. M. not only admits that he has no reason, or an insufficient reason, for publishing a new translation of Homer; he does not even suggest an opinion respecting the defects in former translations, which, whatever might be the result, would have justified him in making the attempt to supply them.

'It is by no means the intention, *nor indeed could it well be expected*, that the author of the present (version) should give his opinion, or endeavour to point out their respective merits, still less to animadvert on their errors: they are before a discerning public, most of them, indeed, long since, and have assuredly been du'y appretiated by those better qualified to deliver a more impartial judgment.'

When Mr. Cowper presented his blank verse translation to the world, he stated openly, and much at length, the reasons which led him (in common with many other men of learning and genius) to think the work of Pope an inadequate representation of its great original, and to prefer the plan pursued in his own version.

"Whether a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made, by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day. I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties, in his version of HOMER, that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections. I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope, as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale* of *Troy divine*, in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible

even for me to follow him with some advantage."—*Preface to Cowper's Homer, 1st Edition.*

Mr. Cowper has thus, in a fair and manly way, stated and explained the deficiency which he conceived to exist, and which he undertook to supply. That that gentleman was misled by the seduction of a favourite theory, is undoubtedly the opinion entertained by the writer of this article; and he is far from thinking it a compensation for the waste of so much valuable time and transcendent talent, that the failure of Cowper's undertaking is left as a beacon to warn succeeding writers from the errors which occasioned it. But the world is indebted to him for the exposition of his doctrine, which may enable its opponents to point out the misapprehension on which they conceive it to be founded.

In the first place, the assertion '*that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impossible*,' though made with a dictatorial positiveness which some may think justified by the high reputation of the assertor, would prove a great deal too much. It depends altogether on the interpretation annexed to a very equivocal term indeed, '*just translation*.' If by '*just*' is meant a '*literal*' translation, then it may be safely asserted, not only that a just translation *in rhyme* is impossible, but that a just translation *in any manner of verse* is impossible. A literal version *must* be in prose, since it must be a rendering, word for word, from the original; and it is impossible that, *word for word*, what is verse in one language can also be verse in another. If by '*just*,' on the contrary, be meant a *faithful* translation, so far as *fidelity* is consistent with the harmony of numbers, then the writer of this article will venture to assert, in opposition to the high authority just stated, that it is full as possible to execute a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme as in blank verse.

It is a false notion that rhyme is fettered, and that blank verse is free. It is equally false that the shackles of blank verse are at all lighter, or wider, or in any respect more comfortable to the wearer than those of rhyme. The only restriction which is felt by the rhyming poet from which the writer of blank verse is exempt, is that which constitutes the distinction in name between the two species of versification. But in a language so abounding in synonymes, and of such extraordinary variety in sound, as our own, it is not once in a period of a hundred couplets that a writer of any ordinary facility is delayed by the want of a '*homotonous*' expression ready at hand; and it seldom if ever happens, that by some easy conversion of a sentence, without injury to the sense, he is not able to surmount every little difficulty of that nature which

may occur. That this is the real fact may be almost proved to the satisfaction of those who never wrote a verse in their lives, by calling their attention to the instance of Spenser, who has not only left to posterity the longest poem in our language, written in stanzas, every one of which contains four homotonous terminations of one sound, and three of another, but has been followed by so many successors in the formation of the same stanza, that it is evident to the meanest capacity how very easy is the task of composing it. And, if it be required to establish the fact by *translations*, we have Huggins, Harington, and Fairfax, the fidelity of whose respective versions executed in stanzas of nearly equal *homotonous* repetition, is so great as almost to make us recal our concession, 'that a literal translation cannot be effected in verse.'

Such being the only shackles of rhyme which are not equally worn by blank verse, let us now consider in what respect the shackles of blank verse are heavier than those of rhyme.

It must be admitted that, by taking away this distinctive qualification, one of the barriers (in modern language) between verse and prose is removed; and that, in order to elevate poetry to its proper dignity in the comparison, some substitute must be adopted for that which is rejected. Not in dramatic poetry—that species of composition stands on its own distinct foundation, and is governed by its own separate and independent rules. Sublime and beautiful conceptions will naturally fall in with an elevation of language, sufficient, without any adventitious aid, to establish the desired distinction; and the additional charm of harmonious cadence supersedes the desire of further ornament. But these superior beauties can be but occasionally and sparingly introduced, and for the principal part of the dialogue, the interest of which must wholly depend on the conduct of the piece, blank verse is most admirably suited, as approaching so nearly to the language of common conversation. But the very reason which renders blank verse the fittest vehicle for dramatic poetry, is that which renders it unfit for the narrative, the descriptive, and the epic.

Take for instance the first of our English epic poets, Milton—where his subject requires sublimity, nothing can exceed the animation, the grandeur, the majestic harmony of his verse. In like manner nothing can exceed the exquisite grace and beauty which he displays in *some* of his descriptions. But these beauties and excellences are, and must be, rare in a composition of such extent; the general tenor of the Paradise Lost, and of every other poem in which narration occupies the principal part, must be of a far less elevated na-

ture, and, in order to be poetical, some adscititious aid must be resorted to. Accordingly, in Milton, and in all writers who, after his example, have made blank verse the vehicle of epic narration, we find that the language is uniformly sustained by the most laboured inversions, and unnatural (or at least uncommon) phraseology. And the necessity of these and similar expedients, for the purpose of keeping up the prosaic tenor of the verse to any thing like a poetical level, is (in the opinion of this writer) a fetter ten thousand times more uneasy both to the wearer and the spectator than any which it is imagined that the laws of rhyme can impose.

In another view of the subject we find that the ancient poets, unsupported by rhyme, were most amply recompensed for the absence of it by the variety of metres in which the flexibility of their language permitted them to range at will. The Iambic (our *only* metre) was by them almost exclusively confined to the drama, to which (as we have before observed) its approach to the language of common discourse peculiarly adapted it. But the more stately and uniform march of epic poetry required the support of a metre which should never degenerate into, or resemble, prose. Accordingly the most simple and unadorned passages of the Iliad, those (and they are such as form the general tenor of the poem) which are wholly unsupported by poetical *sentiment*, are nevertheless always *poetical* from the mere construction of the verse.

The genius of our language refuses to bend itself to the diversity of metre, and it is therefore absolutely necessary to have recourse to some substitute for the poetical privilege of the ancients. The oldest and best established of those substitutes is *rhyme*; which is in itself so distinguishing a mark as to require (with the accompaniment of measured cadence, which is essential to all poetry) no further aid whatever in those passages which have not the support of elevated and poetical sentiment. *Rhyme* is, *therefore*, infinitely better adapted to the translation of an ancient poet than blank verse; or rather, it is much more likely that a just sense of the spirit of an ancient poet will be communicated by the one than by the other; since the use of unnatural inversion and inflated diction, to which all writers in blank verse are obliged, more or less, to have recourse, is not in any case justified by the ancient author, who had no occasion to resort to the same expedient.

Whether we have, or have not, in the preceding observations, traced the effect to its true source, it will hardly be denied by Cowper's most zealous admirers that his version of Homer has entirely failed, either of superseding, or of deserving to supersede, that of Pope. It may be admitted that his more scrupulous fidelity will sometimes render it conve-

nient, or desirable, to consult his work by way of reference; but is there any man who can assert that he has read it with pleasure? If it be true then that Cowper has failed, Mr. Morrice must, unless he can assert superior claims to honourable distinction, consent to share the quiet and undisturbed repose in which the labours of his predecessor are involved.

In order to enable our readers to form some comparative judgment on this head, the following passages appear to us to be as favourable for quotation as any that we can select:

Quotations from Morrice's Translation, Book III. v. 166—186; v. 231—251.

Thus spake the chiefs; when Priam's friendly voice
In mildest accents Helen thus bespoke:
'Approach, my child, and take thy seat by me,
And view thy former husband, and thy friends;
Nay, child, I blame not you; the heav'nly pow'rs,
To Troy unfriendly, have uprais'd this war.
Tell me what name he bears, whose portly mien,
And form majestic, chief respect commands:
Others in stature and in size excel,
But one more venerably beautiful
These eyes have ne'er beheld: some king, I deem.'
Helen replied: 'O much esteemed sire,
Most fear'd, yet most belov'd! O had I died
Ere with thy son I rashly did forsake
My husband, child, and friends! yet these things are:
And that they are, I do lament me much.
What you inquire, I will with truth relate;
Atrides, king of all the Grecian host,
You there behold; in council and in war
Pre-eminent; my brother once so dear,
My husband's brother: would he were so now!'

* * * * *

Again when Ajax to his view appear'd,
Thus question'd Priam: 'Who of stature vast
And bulk immense is that above the rest?'
When Helen, fairest of her sex, replied,
'The mighty Ajax, bulwark of the war:
Near him, encircled by the Cretan bands,
Idomeneus, with other mighty chiefs
Assembled, stands: for often, as a guest,
To Menelaus' hospitable roof
The brave Idomeneus to Sparta came.
Each Grecian chief I see, and can relate
Their names and rank: for two I look in vain;
Castor, well skilled to rein the foaming steed,

And Pollux, victor in the Pythian games.
My brothers: Sparta yet perhaps detains
Them distant far; or if to Troy they came,
They shun the conflict, and the glorious toils
Of war, o'erwhelmed with grief and shame for me.'
Thus Helen spake: but long the silent tomb
In Sparta, in their native land, embrac'd
Their sad remains, though sprung from mighty Jove.

From Cowper's Translation of the same Passages.

So they among themselves; but Priam call'd
Fair Helen to his side. 'My daughter dear!
Come sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former lord, thy kindred and thy friends.
I charge no blame on thee—the gods have caused,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
Name to me yon Achaian chief, for bulk
Conspicuous and for port—taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity and grace.
Declare his name—some royal chief he seems.'
To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex:
'Oh worthy of all reverence from me
And filial love! I would that I had made
Some bitter death my choice, when I renounced
The nuptial bed, my kindred, the delights
Of friendship, and my daughter's dear embrace,
For thy son's sake! But death was not my choice.
Grief, therefore, now consumes me night and day.
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
Of Athens, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
And once (unless I dream) by sacred ties
A brother to the shameless wretch, myself.'

* * * * *

The third of whom the venerable king
Inquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian chief,
Whose head and shoulders tow'r above the rest,
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?'
Him answered Helen, loveliest of her sex:
'A bulwark of the Greeks—In him thou seest
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
The Cretans, and, among the chiefs of Crete,
Stands, like a god, Idomeneus: him oft
From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont
To entertain; and others now I see,
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind
And give to each his name; but two brave youths
I yet discern not, for equestrian skill

One famed, and one a boxer never foiled ;
My brothers, born of Leda, sons of Jove,
Castor and Pollux—Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or, if they came,
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abashed,
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.'
She said; but they already slept inhumed
In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil.'

The merit of the foregoing comparative specimens appears to us so very equally balanced, that, as the reader already knows our judgment of Cowper, he must be prepared to anticipate that which impartiality compels us to pronounce on the pretensions of Mr. Morrice. This, however, is what we will not do without submitting to the public one further extract from the evidence on which it is founded. If the death of Hector awakens not a single poetical feeling or expression, we conceive that no one will be found hardy enough to impugn the decision we have made.

——————— Achilles view'd
With searching eye, where vulnerable most
Hector; but him the radiant arms, erewhile
Torn from Patroclus, cover'd o'er secure,
Save where the shoulder and the neck unite,
And surest death ensues: with certain aim
Just there Achilles fix'd the deadly wound,
And all his neck transfix'd; but utterance left
And pow'r of speech, though in the dust he lay
Extended; when the victor thus exclaim'd:
" Hector, secure thou didst esteem thyself,
Clad in the spoils from brave Patroclus won;
Nor didst thou think of me: yet at the ships
I, his avenger, but remain'd awhile;
And I have slain thee, whom the dogs shall tear,
And birds; him Greece united shall entomb."
With fainting spirits Hector thus replied:
" Oh hear a suppliant's pray'r; By thine own life,
By thy loved parents I entreat thee, hear!
Nor give me at the ships to dogs a prey.
Accept the gifts, my venerable sire,
My mother will bestow; gold, sculptured brass:
Restore me to my friends: give me to share
Those sacred rites which grateful Troy shall pay."
Achilles sternly thus: " Entreat me not,
Wretch as thou art, nor claim a suppliant's boon.
O that the fury of my mind were such
That nought but to devour thee could appease
My great revenge! such mischief thou hast wrought.
Trust me, no power shall save thee from the dogs:

No; should they offer twenty times as much,
And promise more: would Priam give thy weight
In gold, yet on thy melancholy bier
No mother shall the son she bare lament;
But dogs and birds shall all thy limbs devour."
Hector, now dying, faintly thus replied:
"Too well indeed I knew no prayer of mine
Could pity move in thy relentless breast:
Beware lest Heaven, in revenge of me,
Repay this wrong; when Phœbus by the hand
Of Paris shall thy boasted strength subdue,
And stretch thee breathless at the Scæan gate."
He spake; and darkness closed his eyes in death:
His spirit to the gloomy mansion fled,
To Pluto's realm; health, vigour, beauty, gone!—
Him dead, thus Peleus' mighty son address'd:
"Die thou! When Jove and other powers of Heaven
Ordain, I bravely too will meet my fate."
Morrice's translation, book 22, v. 324.

After all, we are not certain that, in ranking Mr. Morrice's translation as equal to Cowper's we have quite done justice to the former gentleman. Cowper, understanding the real wants and exigencies of that blank verse to which he was so strangely bigoted, has attempted to raise his language into poetry, by those expedients which we have before stated to be essential to the purpose. But his inversions are forced, his expressions turgid, his imitation of the language of Milton often puerile, conceited, and unnatural. The consequence is that his version, although vastly unlike prose, bears yet a remoter resemblance to that for which it was meant. Mr. Morrice, on the contrary, appears to have thought that, to constitute poetry, nothing is wanting but an accurate measurement of syllables; and, accordingly, what he has produced is so very little removed from prose itself, that we confess it offends us much less than the anomalous fabrication of his predecessor.

Mr. Morrice will, perhaps, be displeased with us that we have not taken the pains of comparing his version with the original Greek, and forming a judgment as to his merits on the score of strict fidelity. To this charge, if it be instituted against us, we can only answer that we know it is impossible for measured verse, even prosaïc as Mr. M.'s, to be the vehicle of a *literal* translation; and we are compelled reluctantly to conclude, that the publication before us is even unfit for the only purpose to which it might have been applied, that of a diligent and faithful exposition of the Greek original. As for examining whether Cowper or Morrice has

most accurately understood the sense of Homer, we must beg to be excused altogether from so burthensome, and, in our opinion, unnecessary a task.

Most sincerely as we admire the beauties of Pope's translation (and, as a poem, without reference to the original, we know not its equal in any modern language), we are ready to admit its gross defects in the light of a faithful representation of Homer; and are far from saying that some future poet, gifted with the genius of Pope, may not have the power of improving most materially upon that version, which now stands alone and unrivalled. Believing this to be *possible*, we would not discourage all competition; but, if any competitor does hereafter arise, we earnestly entreat him to weigh well his abilities before he commences his task; and

'By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r,'

O let his translation be in rhyme!

ART. IX.—*Observations on Fungus Hæmatodes, or soft Cancer, in several of the most important Organs of the human Body: containing also a comparative View of the Structure of Fungus Hæmatodes and Cancer, with Cases and Dissections. By James Wardrop, F.R.S.E. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the Surgeons of the public Dispensary of Edinburgh. Illustrated by Plates.* 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Constable, 1809.

MR. BURNS of Glasgow, in his dissertations on inflammation, is the first who has given a detailed account of this morbid change of structure, which he described under the name of *shongoid inflammation;* but it is to Mr. Hay, of Leeds, that we owe the name of *fungus hæmatodes*, several cases of which he described occurring in the superior and inferior extremities, and also in the female breast. There seems to be no part of the body exempt from this disease. Mr. Wardrop has divided his book into chapters, in which he has treated separately of fungus hæmatodes affecting the eye-ball, the extremities, the testicle, the liver, the spleen, the kidney, the lungs, the uterus, the ovarium, and the female breast. The work is concluded by a comparative view of the structure of fungus hæmatodes, and cancer.

We will extract Mr. Wardrop's description of the disease, when it affects the ball of the eye.

'The first appearances of the fungus hæmatodes, when it at-

tacks the eye, are observed in the posterior chamber. The pupil becomes dilated and immoveable, and instead of having its natural deep black colour, it has a dark amber, and in some cases a greenish brown, giving to the eye very much that appearance which is observed in the sound eye of the sheep, the cat, and in many of the lower animals. As the progress of the disease advances, the colour becomes more remarkable; and it is soon discovered to be produced from a solid substance, which is forming at the bottom of the eye, and gradually approaching towards the cornea.

'The surface of the substance is generally rugged and unequal, and not unlike what may be supposed to arise from a quantity of effused lymph. In some cases, red vessels can be seen running across the opake body, but these are not the vessels which nourish it, but the ramifications of the central artery of the retina lying above it. During the progress of the disease, the new formed substance gradually fills up the whole of the posterior chamber; its surface advances so as to arrive at the same plane with the iris, and has the appearance of an amber or brown-coloured mass. In this stage of the disease I have known two cases which were mistaken for cataracts; and in one of them an experienced surgeon atttempted to couch it. When the disease advances still further, the form of the eye-ball begins to alter, acquiring an irregular knobbed appearance; at the same time the sclerotic coat loses its natural pearly white colour, and becomes of a dark blue or livid hue. The tumour, by its continued growth, finally occupies the whole anterior chamber; and, in some cases, a quantity of purulent matter collects between it and the cornea. At last the cornea ulcerates, and a fungous tumour shoots out from the portion of the diseased substance contiguous to the ulcerated cornea; and, in other cases, the tumour pushes itself through the sclerotic coat.

'This fungus is very rapid in its growth, and, before the disease arrives at a fatal termination, it often acquires a very great bulk. When it is small, it has a good deal of the appearance of the softer kind of polypi which grow from mucous membranes. It is generally of a dark red, or purple colour. Its surface is irregular, and often covered with coagulated blood.

'The substance of this fungus is very readily torn; and when a portion of it is separated, or if it be slightly scratched, it bleeds profusely. In other cases, the tumour is of a firmer texture, and if, as sometimes happens, instead of coming through the cornea, it burst through the sclerotic coat, it then pushes before it the conjunctiva, and thus derives a mucous covering. When the tumour becomes very large, portions of the most prominent parts begin to lose their vitality, and separate in sloughs, which have a very fetid and offensive smell, and are accompanied with the discharge of an acrid sanies.

'The absorbent glands become also affected during the progress of the disease; they swell and inflame, and sometimes grow to an enormous size. In some cases the swelling of the

glands commences at a very early period, whilst in others they are not affected until the disease is far advanced. Most commonly those glands swell which lie in the immediate neighbourhood of the parotid gland, or lower jaw. In two cases, I found a small hardened gland close to the optic nerve; in a third case, glands were found near the nose, and on the supercilia; and, in another case, a diseased gland was found adhering to the os malæ within the margin of the orbit.'

This disease has its foundation deep in the organization of all the parts connected with the organ. The retina is obliterated; the humours of the eye absorbed and lost; and the chambers occupied by a substance, more or less of the appearance of medullary matter, being opake, whitish, and homogeneous, and having the pulpy softness and tenacity of the brain. Sometimes bony matter has been found in some of the tumours, in the form generally of small gritty particles. The optic nerve itself is in all cases injured, though the magnitude and appearance of the injury varies in different subjects. In one example, where the contents of the eye-ball and external tumour had a very remarkable dark appearance, we are informed that,

'it was found, on dissection, that the same singular black appearance extended along the medullary portion of the optic nerve, to beyond the union of the two nerves; and, what is an important fact to the physiologist, this case proved, in a very striking manner, that the optic nerves do not decussate each other. The nerve of the *right* eye arose from the right side of the brain, and was healthy all the way to where it formed the retina; whereas the *left* optic nerve was black, from the place where it had been divided during the operation of extirpating the eye-ball, to beyond the union of the two nerves.'

The disease sometimes extends to the brain itself, and like the cancer, it contaminates through the medium of the absorbent system. The substance of the gland is converted into a matter similar to that of the original disease; the gland sometimes ulcerates, and the ulcers are foul, sloughy, and unhealthy. The primary ulcers in this disease fungate, but the secondary ones, or those of the absorbent glands, do not.

In all these circumstances the analogy between fungus hœmatodes and cancer is so striking, that notwithstanding the arguments of Mr. Wardrop, we believe that most surgeons will still be inclined to consider it to be a cancerous disorder. In both the progress is generally slow; the ulcers in both discharge a fetid excoriating ichor, and occasionally bleed profusely; both sometimes assume a fungous appearance, and both during their progress contaminate the absor-

bent glands; both are equally destructive, and contaminate indiscriminately the neighbouring parts, whatever may be their nature; both too affect several organs at the same time. To these strong and striking analogies, Mr. Wardrop opposes the structure of the tumours, which are different; the periods of life which the diseases take place, which are different; and some organs it is said are attacked with the one which have never been observed to be affected.

We do not think much of the argument drawn from structure. We think that the foundation of scrofula and cancer is laid before there is any change of structure. An observation of Mr. Wardrop's strikingly illustrates this fact. He says, 'when the fungus hœmatodes' (in the eye-ball) 'takes place in children, they are generally found to have entirely lost the sight of the affected eye, before it is remarked by the parents.' This shows most convincingly that the whole organ, including probably the retina and optic nerve, is blighted, if we may be allowed the expression, before there is any morbid change of structure. The same is true of scrofula; a blow is received, and the injured part becomes scrofulous. The fibre therefore is morbid previous to the injury. In the acknowledged cancer, the structure is by no means uniform. Take the following fact from Mr. Home's observations. After the extirpation of a tumour from the breast, he informs us,

"When the tumour was cut into, to examine its structure, there was no hardness in any part of it; nor had it the appearance usually met with in tumours, that have contaminated the neighbouring parts with the cancerous poison. The patient got quite well in three weeks, and I had no doubt of her continuing so. In less than three months she consulted me again, and to my great surprize and chagrin, both edges of the cicatrix were studded with the small cancerous tumours in the skin already described."—*See Home's Observations on Cancer, p. 96.*

Now that we have Mr. Home's book before us, we cannot help referring to the 17th case related by that experienced surgeon, and the inference deduced from the facts recorded. In this case the pectoral muscles had become contaminated before a cancerous breast had been extirpated. In consequence, the disease recurred after a certain period, in the muscle, and the appearance of the disease was exactly that of fungus hœmatodes. Can we then refuse to subscribe to Mr. Home's conclusion, when he says, "it explains the fungated sore and the cancer to be the effects of the same disease, only varying according to the structure of the parts which are attacked?" So says Mr. Home, and, though wholly uninfluenced by the authority of any name, so say we.

Mr. Abernethy indeed has divided this disease from carcinoma, affixing to it the name of *medullary sarcoma*; and has adduced the pulpy testicle as an example of the disease.

'The simple ulceration of the skin from distention,' he observes, 'and the subsequent healing of the ulcer shew that this morbid affection is unlike carcinoma, which communicates its disease to all contiguous parts; neither has it the hardness nor disposition to ulcerate which characterize cancer.'

This is no more than saying that in certain cases the testicle perishes by internal absorption; in others the effort of nature is directed, though vainly directed, to throw off the diseased part by sloughing. But we can see in neither case any essential difference in the real nature of the disease. In both these forms of cancer (as we should call them) surgical operations are of little utility. They sometimes suspend for a time the progress of the malady; at other times they accelerate and exasperate the mischief.

The change of the diseased part into a matter analogous in colour and consistence to the brain, is undoubtedly a curious circumstance: but no more so than the constant resemblance of the matter of scrofulous abscesses to cheese or curds.

The early period of life at which this disease occurs, is one of its most striking features. Five cases out of six, in which the eye was its seat, occurred in subjects under twelve years of age. To the same purpose M. Bichet says,

'Le carcinome de l'œil attaque tous les sexes, se manifeste a tous les âges; cependant il semble plus que les autres tumeurs de cette nature s'attacher a l'enfance. L'observation l'a dernontrè a Hotel Dieu où plus du tiers des malades qu'y a opérès Dessault etoient au dessous de 12 ans.'

We think the true inference from this fact to be, not that this affection is not cancerous, but that the cancer in early life has a different seat, and some peculiarities, which distinguish it from the same disease at a more advanced period.

'The locality of cancer,' says Mr. Wardrop, 'has engaged the attention of many celebrated authors, and from what is known of the history of this disease, and of the success attending the extirpation of primary cancerous tumours, there seem sufficient grounds for considering it as a local affection.'

We are astonished that Mr. Wardrop can persist in upholding such a delusion. So much convinced are all enlightened surgeons of the inefficacy of extirpation, that we believe that not a twentieth part of the operations are now

performed, which were in the days of Mr. Pott; and the almost uniform want of success attending extirpation, has convinced thinking men that the cancer depends on constitutional causes.

Every dissection given in this work proves the truth of this doctrine. In almost all, the liver was affected with the same kind of disease as the original seat of complaint. In others, the lungs, the kidneys, and other organs were likewise found similarly affected. The resemblance in one case between the external and internal morbid change was very striking.

'I have also seen it,' (the colour of the tumour) says Mr. Wardrop, 'of a dark brown colour, and, in one instance, both the tumour within the cavity of the eye-ball, and that exterior to it, were tinged of a deep black colour, only a few greyish coloured streaks being interspersed through the dark mass. In this case the dark colour was so remarkable, that I bestowed great pains, in order to discover, if possible, the cause of such a singular appearance, and from all that I could observe, I at first conceived that it was produced in consequence of a morbid secretion of the black pigment. By an accurate comparison of the two substances, when viewed through a microscope, they appeared quite analogous. They soiled the fingers or paper of the same dark brown colour as the black pigment, and communicated to water the same tinge. After the tumour was macerated for some time in water, a great part of the colouring matter was dissolved, and the solid substance was similar both in general appearance and texture to the tumours in the other cases or to a piece of brain. On the death of the patient, however, all these hypothetical speculations were overturned, as an examination of the body after death shewed that the liver was also affected with the same disease, the tuberculous masses which were formed in it being composed chiefly of the same dark brown medullary matter.'

This example, and such as this, (which almost every case of the disease furnishes) is, we think, wholly decisive of the question.

Mr. Wardrop, besides the cases which he has himself observed and related, has collected many others from different quarters. By this he has rendered his book more valuable, and we do not doubt that surgeons will become, by his assistance, better acquainted with the forms of this truly formidable disease. Unfortunately, we seem as far distant as ever from its cure. Still, however, we think it creditable to the professors of the healing art, that it has excited, and is exciting, the attention and strenuous exertions of so many able men, who have within these four or five last years written concern-

ing it. We hope that by their united efforts some check may at length be given to this most dreadful scourge of human nature.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*The Divinity of the Apocalypse demonstrated by its Fulfilment: in Answer to Professor Michaelis. By the Rev. J. M. Butt, A. M. late Student of Christ Church, and Author of 'a Commentary on the Seventy Weeks and last Vision of Daniel.'* London, 12mo. Hatchard, 1809.

WE delivered our opinion on what is here called 'the *divinity* of the Apocalypse,' at some length in the C. R. for January, 1807, in a review of Mr. Archdeacon Woodhouse's translation, &c. of that work, and again in the C. R. for June, 1807, in a review of Mr. Faber's supplement to his dissertation on the 1260 years. Our subsequent reading and reflection have not made any alteration in the sentiments which we then expressed, but have rather served to strengthen our conviction of their truth. We must refer our readers to those numbers of our journal for the reasons on which we ground our rejection of the claim of the Apocalypse to a supernatural origin. We will extract a few of the observations which have been made by Mr. Butt. Mr. B. says, what many other commentators dispute, that 'the 1242 years of the prevalence of the apostacy, at least in respect to this kingdom, are now finished;' and that 'the times of the beast terminated in the year 1697.' 'The interval between the English revolution and the year 1697 had been occupied in completing the deliverance of the witnesses, who were to be received into the ark, and in warning the apostates of the approaching deluge of fiery death.' This remark is still as enigmatical to us as any part of the book which Mr. Butt has attempted to explain. 'The rectitude of the administration of justice is so greatly owing to the institution of *a jury of twelve men*, and so analogous to the tribunal of Christ, in which the *twelve apostles* are assessors, rather than judges, that we ought to glorify God when we reflect upon it.' The author forgets that the institution of juries is of pagan origin. As the author discovers a typical analogy between twelve English jurors and the twelve apostles, so he finds a remarkable resemblance between the four-and-twenty English bishops and the four-and-twenty elders who are mentioned, Rev. xi. 16. 'On December 12, 1697,' says Mr. Butt, 'the thanksgiving day for the peace, by which the king's title was acknowledged, one of the spiritual lords (bishop Bur-

net) preached before king William from the words of the queen of Sheba, addressed to him who completed the first temple (2 Chron. ix. 8): 'Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee to set thee on his throne, to be king for the Lord thy God; because thy God loved Israel, to establish them for ever, therefore made he thee king over them, to do judgment and justice.' Let this text, with the circumstances attending it, be compared with Rev. xi. 15—19, and it will be acknowledged to be *the only text in scripture which fully corresponds to this prediction.*' We have inspected the passage in the Apocalypse, to which the author refers, and we cannot discover a single trace of that correspondence which appears so singularly luminous to Mr. Butt. Besides, is it not a little incongruous to look to a text in the book of Chronicles for the completion of a prophecy in the Apocalypse? This seems a sort of Irish way of interpreting prophecy, by making it foretell what was past several centuries before it was pronounced. The author asks whether 'the destruction of Pope and Turk can be dated from a more just epoch than that of the peace of Ryswick?' Buonaparte has already in part answered this question, as far as it refers to the pope; and we believe that it will not be long before he gives a very impressive reply to that portion of the query which relates to the Turk. We will make one more extract before we conclude. 'The church is now in the land of Beulah, and may, if she has eyes to see, behold in her own peace, prosperity, and glory the reflection of the celestial city. From the summit of mount Pisgah she may behold the promised land and the glorious holy mountain. But let us remember that there is a delusive path leading from the very doors of heaven to the gates of hell. If ever the church be seduced from her fundamental doctrines of justification by Christ alone, &c. she may and probably will be converted into a PILLAR OF SALT.' Mr. Butt is not the first person who has written nonsense in commenting on the Apocalypse.

ART. 11.—*A Vindication of the Jews, by Way of Reply to the Letter addressed by Perseverans to the English Israelite, humbly submitted to the Consideration of the Missionary Society and the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. By Thomas Witherby, Author of an Attempt to remove Prejudices concerning the Jewish Nation.* London, Hatchard, 1809. 8vo. *pp.* 287.

THE author commends the policy as well as morality of the Jews, in refusing to enter the lists of religious controversy. He says that when after a long banishment they returned to our shores in the time of Cromwell, it was stipulated, among other things, that they should make no proselytes. This condition they have scrupulously observed; for though we have heard of many attempts to make proselytes among them, we are not acquainted with any endeavour on their part to make proselytes among us. They know that they could not dispute the divine mission of Jesus without offending the scruples or exciting the

animosity of the community in which they are permitted to reside; and they therefore sedulously avoid those discussions which could be productive only of rancour and of strife. This they are said to do in conformity to a precept which was given them during their captivity in Babylon, which they consider as applicable to them in their present situation. When Mr. David Levi engaged in the controversy with Dr. Priestley, he is said to have acted in opposition to the sentiments of his countrymen. The Jew is not on a footing of equality with his opponents. He cannot deny the christian religion to be true, not only without exasperating those among whom he dwells by sufferance, but without violating an express law of the land, 9 and 10 William III. c. 32. The author therefore contends, with some show of reason, that any attempt to provoke the controversial ardour of the Jews, and to inflame their hate by the display of our proselyting propensities, is hardly compatible with justice or with charity. Mr. Witherby seems to be a serious and well-disposed christian, a friend to peace and good will both among the followers of Moses, and the disciples of Jesus.

ART. 12.—*A short Catechism from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with a Preface and Dedication.* 12mo. Rivingtons.

THE re-publication of this brief and useful catechism will probably be very acceptable to those who have the care of children, and wish to employ every wise expedient of giving a devotional turn to their minds, which, as long as it is kept within the bounds of sobriety and good sense, is the fruitful source of virtue and of happiness.

ART. 13.—*A Sermon, preached at Pell-street Meeting-house, Radcliffe-highway, Wednesday, October 25, 1809, being the Day on which his Majesty King George the Third entered the fiftieth Year of his Reign. By Thomas Cloutt.* London, Conder, 1809. 1*s.*

ART. 14.—*A Sermon preached at the Scots Church, Crown Court, Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, on the 25th of October, 1809, being the fiftieth Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne. By George Greig, Minister of the said Church. Published by Desire.* London, Hatchard, 1809. 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE above are two sermons preached by dissenters, who, on this occasion, have vied with the most zealous ministers of the establishment, in the tribute of respect which they have offered to the aged monarch on the throne. Mr. Greig of the Scots church, Crown Court, says, that 'from the moment of his majesty's accession to the throne, the dew of divine goodness has distilled upon his sacred head, and gently descended even to the skirts of his empire.' The ludicrous impropriety of this kind of language may not be remarked, when it is delivered with oratorical fervour before a mixed audience; but we would advise Mr. Greig to avoid it when he prepares another sermon for the press. Ministers on serious subjects should be particularly care-

ful against employing terms which may involuntarily excite ridiculous or disgusting associations of ideas.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached at Worship-street, Finsbury Square, Wednesday, October 25, 1009; being the fiftieth Anniversary of the Reign of George the Third. By John Evans, A. M. Morning Preacher at Worship-street, and Afternoon Preacher, Leather-lane, Holborn.* London, Sherwood, 1809. 1s.

MR. Evans adopts 1 Cor. xv. 25; 'He must reign till he have put all enemies under his feet,' as the text of his discourse. Instead of saturating his pages with any excess of courtly adulation, Mr. Evans gives to the present sovereign that praise which is due, and no more. He draws an animated sketch of that state of felicity, that real jubilee of virtue and of peace, which he anticipates under the future reign of the Messiah; when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*Two Letters from the Right Honourable George Canning to the Earl Camden, Lord President of the Council.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1809.

WE shall give the substance of this pamphlet, and then make a few remarks on the political intrigue which it unfolds. April 2, 1809, Mr. Canning wrote to the Duke of Portland on the necessity of some change in the administration, and, if this were not effected, stating his own intention to resign. The business, therefore, begins with an alternative, proposed by Mr. Canning, of his own resignation, or of some change in the ministry. The sequel will shew how Mr. Canning wavered with respect to the execution of the alternative which he proposed. Mr. Canning states, that in some further communication with the Duke of Portland, between April 4 and 8, he requested that the business might be brought to a termination before the parliament met after the Easter holidays. The Duke of Portland procrastinated, and the Easter holidays passed away. After this, it was agreed between Mr. Canning and another member of the cabinet, that the discussion should be suspended till after the decision of the question on the writership. This took place April 25. After this the proposed change in the cabinet was again discussed. The Duke of Portland consulted several of the members on the subject. Lord Camden is said to have thought a change in Lord Castlereagh's department necessary, provided '*it could be reconciled to Lord Castlereagh's feelings.*' On the 5th of May the Duke of Portland informed Mr. Canning that he intended to lay the whole subject before his majesty on the following Wednesday. The king proposed to take the subject into his serious consideration. On the 31st of May Mr. Canning says, that he made the same representation to his majesty which he had previously done to the Duke of Portland, and tendered his

resignation. On the 8th of June the Duke of Portland informed Mr. Canning that some change would be effected in the war department at the end of the session of parliament. On the 18th of June Mr. Canning, knowing the vacillating indecision of his colleagues, and probably not unconscious of his own, stated to the Duke of Portland, that 'if things remained as they then were, he was determined not to remain in office.' The Duke of Portland informed Mr. C. that a different arrangement had been adopted, to which Lord Castlereagh *was to be urged to consent.* But on the 21st of June the Duke of Portland assured Mr. C. that the arrangement which had been *first* proposed should be carried into effect; and that Lord Camden was desired to communicate this resolution to Lord Castlereagh. On the 27th of June, Mr. Canning, finding no progress made in the execution of any change, again intimated his determination to resign. On the 28th he says, that he tendered his resignation to the king. The same evening the Duke of Portland, by the king's desire, directed Lord Camden to communicate the intended arrangement to Lord Castlereagh. But this communication was not to be made till the Walcheren expedition had sailed. But before this took place, on July 5th, another arrangement was substituted for that which had been proposed, and then dismissed, and then resumed. Lord Camden would, it was hoped, resign; Lord Castlereagh's feelings were to be consulted by a new process, and Lord Wellesley, who ought by this time to have been in Spain, was to be nominated minister of war. After this no communication was made to Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Canning again proposed to resign, and was again requested to keep his place. The arrangement in contemplation was positively to be effected at the termination of the expedition to the Scheldt. In the mean time no pains were to be spared to *reconcile the feelings of Lord Castlereagh* to the loss of his place. Mr. Canning acquiesced in the proposed delay. On September 2, when the result of the expedition to the Scheldt was known, Mr. Canning reminded the Duke of Portland that the period for nominating Lord Wellesley to the war department was arrived. But on the 5th the Duke of Portland informed Mr. C. that no steps had been taken by the friends of Lord Castlereagh to reconcile him to the change; that there were impediments in the way of the proposed arrangement, and that he (the Duke of Portland) had himself determined to retire from his official situation. Mr. Canning now again resorted to the alternative, which he had so often proposed, and did, at last, actually send in his resignation to the king. Such is the brief substance of Mr. Canning's statement. What struck us on the first perusal, and what even more impressed us on the second, was the miserable indecision of the cabinet in which this curious farce was performed. Mr. Canning has exhibited to our astonished view a degree of imbecility which we hardly supposed to be compatible with the government of a great nation. But the truth is, that all the practical details of the

administration are performed by underlings, who, by long exercise in the routine of business, have become a sort of efficient machinery, which continues its movements, however destitute of energy or skill the superintendants of the work may be. The abilities of the different persons, who were the prime actors in the vacillating scene which Mr. Canning has thought proper to develop, appear to have been of the lowest order; and we should think that the *department* of a chandler's shop would be much better adapted to their capacities than the concerns of a mighty empire, in these critical times, when more than common wisdom is wanted at the helm. With respect to the deception which was practised on Lord Castlereagh, of which Mr. Canning has taken so much pains to exculpate himself from any participation, we think that his lordship has much reason to complain both of Mr. Canning and of his associates. If Mr. Canning really believed the continuance of Lord Castlereagh in office to be diametrically opposite to the public interest, and so much so, that without his removal, he (Mr. Canning) could not retain his own place in the ministry, why did he not frankly avow his sentiments in the cabinet itself, without endeavouring to get Lord Castlereagh displaced by a clandestine intrigue? Why did Mr. Canning desire the removal of Lord Castlereagh? Did he object to his want of capacity for the execution of his office? If he objected to his capacity, why, without a single remonstrance, or any express disapprobation, did he acquiesce in Lord Castlereagh's planning and directing one of the most powerful and most expensive armaments that were ever sent from these shores? Mr. Canning was indeed tacitly endeavouring to procure the dismission of Lord Castlereagh from his official situation; but, when Mr. C. thought him so incapable and inefficient a minister, that he threatened to retire if he were not dismissed, ought he not openly and manfully to have resisted his having the conduct of the expedition to the Scheldt? Ought the public interest to be sacrificed to the feelings of individuals? If the public interest required, as Mr. Canning stated, any change in the war department, ought the execution of that change to have been postponed from time to time till it could be *reconciled to the feelings of Lord Castlereagh?* Was his lordship to be continued in office, to the detriment of the public service, till his sensibilities could be charmed into complacency with the humiliating opinion which some of his colleagues entertained of his capacity? Mr. Canning's pamphlet evinces the miserable shifts, resolutions, and counter-resolutions, projects and counter-projects, which were practised by a part of the cabinet, in order to effect some petty change in the war department; which, after all, they had not energy to accomplish. The mountain continued in labour for several months, and at length produced nothing but a rickety mouse. If Mr. Canning designed this pamphlet as a satisfactory vindication of his conduct to Lord Castlereagh, we think that he has failed; for his warmest friends will surely not attempt to

justify the secret cabal into which he entered with the Duke of Portland, to compel his resignation. If Mr. Canning intended this letter as a proof of his own political ability, we believe that it will be regarded as the most convincing evidence of the contrary which he could have adduced. It shews a littleness of mind, and a want of vigour and consistency which can hardly be considered as fit qualifications for a secretary of state, in the most tranquil times, and much less in such a stormy period as the present. But if Mr. Canning meant this simple and feeble *exposé* as a proof of the imbecility of that cabinet, of which he so recently formed a part, he has succeeded to admiration. If Mr. Canning be ambitious of this species of panegyric, we are willing to bestow it till his very soul sickens with a plethory of praise.

POETRY.

ART. 17.—*Iberia's Crisis, a Fragment of an epic Poem, in three Parts. First Part, Usurpations, corrupt Agents, foul Stratagems, and diabolical Progress. Second Part, the Discomfiture of Usurpation from the Valour of Patriotism. Third Part, the base Exultation of Usurpation.* London, Miller, 1809, 8vo. *pp.* 66.

THE notes which this writer has subjoined to this 'fragment of an epic poem,' display so much acquaintance with the state of Spain, since the present struggle for independence, that we are unwilling to animadvert on his poetry with so much severity as it deserves. The writer himself, if he will read it with only a moderate portion of self-love, will, we are sure, himself allow that more execrable doggrel hardly ever issued from the press. We shall not quote any specimens of his harsh and discordant versification, from due regard for the harmony of our readers' ears. If the author had written a prose pamphlet on Iberia's Crisis instead of this most unfortunate attempt in verse, we have little doubt but that we should have perused it with pleasure and instruction. The author appears to have traversed Spain in almost every direction: and he was at Madrid in the latter end of 1808, just before the city was surrendered to the French. From his account the citizens of Madrid would have rivalled the heroism of Saragossa and Gerona, if their exertions had not been paralysed by the treachery of their rulers. We shall quote a part of what the author says on this subject.

'Before the French cavalry were known to be bearing down for Madrid, and before they forced the pass of Samosierra, the 30th of November, after my return from Alicante, I had purposed proceeding from Madrid the 1st of December for England, and was the only English visitor in the capital. On the first, when the French were known to have forced the pass, every Spanish inhabitant of Madrid had armed en masse, with such cool determination to defend the capital, that I decided to witness the first day's resistance.

The duke del Infantado, the marquis de Castellar, and the

count de Montajo were among the inhabitants at the various gates of Madrid the whole of the night of the first of December, expecting the arrival of the enemy; which did not take place till the following morning. Cannonading began at Madrid about nine in the morning of the 2d of December. Bessieres, with the French cavalry, attempted the Fuencarral and Segovia gates, with great loss. He summoned the city to surrender, and was categorically answered by marquis Castellar, "not while one stone remained upon another."

'Napoleon took up his quarters at Chamartin, a country seat five or six miles distant from Madrid. The infantry were so far behind, that they could not arrive till the third.

'I did not leave Madrid till late on the second; and had not my appointments required my departure, I should have remained in the utmost security that Madrid would have proved more than a Saragossa under a second Palafox.'

NOVELS.

Art. 18.—*Tales of other Realms, collected during a late Tour through Europe by a Traveller.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* Longman. 1809.

'TO her whose charms are like the new-blown rose, whose soul like sainted purity sits on her hallowed brow, and smiles intelligence, these Tales are dedicated by

her devoted servant,

'The Author.'

What can be expected of a man who sets out with such a dedication as this? Just such a tale as that of the Baron Zinkermann and Amelia la Marchesa di Nizzi.

'The Hermit of the Rock,' however, is rather an improvement on this unlucky specimen; for though it is impossible even to the superlative degree of impossibility, yet, allowing for that little imperfection, it possesses more interest than some tales which are not only possible but true. What we have to do with the hermit himself, who gives the title to this rhapsody, or what with 'the fellow who lost his wits for Zenobia,' or with Emily, or with the Count de Pombeira, we are unable to perceive; but if the hints which are thrown out concerning them are only designed to excite curiosity, we are of opinion they might have been better omitted, as well as the story of that respectable old king of Phrygia, Midas, who may surely be admitted, at least, to claim exemption from literary duty on the score of age and infirmities.

The tale of 'Donna Aminta de Buxeda' has (notwithstanding a great deal of affectation and false humour) much higher claims in point of interest than either of the preceding. We should be glad to know if the events which it relates have any, and what degree of foundation in truth. They are neither improbable in themselves, nor ill-connected in the narration.

'The Cottagers of Glarus' affords a pretty picture of Swiss manners; and, upon the whole, we see no reason why the author

should not be encouraged to pursue his travels, if he will only dabble less in sickly sentiment, and become more conversant with simple and unadulterated nature.

ART. 19.—*Tales of Yore, in three Volumes.* 12mo. Mawman, 1810.

THESE Tales are certainly by no means subject to any imputation of misnomer; being Tales of Yore to all intents and purposes, as witness the contents of each volume: 'Trystan and Essylda,' (the new name for Isolde,) with which every dabbler in romance is as intimate as with St. George and the Dragon. 'The Sword Tyrfing,' of which nobody can be ignorant but some benighted Pilgrim (if any such there be) who has never yet been visited by the light divine of Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder.' 'The Sahton Barfisa,' of whose adventures we can trace the recollection back to the days of our childhood, when we first became acquained with the Persian Tales, the impression of which was made yet stronger by a certain anonymous paper in a daily publication, called 'The Spectator,' 'Floris and Blancaflor,' (i. e. Blanchefleur, for the Spanish termination does not make the story newer) of which Mr. Ellis has long since furnished us with a sufficient abstract. 'Lionheart and Blondel,' for which the reader might be referred either to Percy's collection, or to the Drury-lane farce of 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' 'The White Bull,' ('Le Taureau Blanc') still better known, but probably less to be acknowledged as an acquaintance, than either of the preceding, although one of Voltaire's most witty effusions. 'Cross Loves,' of which the world might perhaps have remained ignorant to this day, had it never seen Le Sage's Devil on Two Sticks. 'The Chronicle of Charlemagne,' which Archbishop Turpin wrote to very little purpose indeed, if the true facts which it records had been to be kept a secret even unto the 19th century.

As for 'Koxkox and Kikequetzel,' if the translator had never learned German, and never seen the works of Wieland, we cannot think that our national literature would have suffered any loss or deprivation. It is one of those silly reveries, which an age just bursting the chains of popular prejudice and ignorance, honoured, by courtesy, with the appellation of philosophical; but which philosophy herself feels somewhat ashamed of acknowledging. Wieland is a lively, and sometimes a sensible, writer. As a poet he is deservedly eminent—as a philosopher, not contemptible, though often superficial and puerile. But we have no idea that all his works deserve translation. Whether 'Koxkox and Kikequetzel' has appeared in English before or not, we are ignorant.

We are also unable positively to affirm, that the tales of 'Cleomades' and 'Bliomberis' are or are not new to the English reader. If they are, they confer (in our opinion) some degree of value on the present publication, which it would want without them. The tale of 'Bliomberis,' particularly, is one of the most interesting, and most epic of those which Tressan

ed, and, as such, has become the subject of a German poem, perhaps no less deserving of celebrity than Wieland's Oberon.

The remaining tales are too inconsiderable to deserve an inquiry, whether, as translations, they are or are not endowed with the grace of novelty. If such stories as that of *Baldwin*, in the second volume (the only one to which we are unable to assign the author), be in fact original, we can only say that we rather hope the editor of the present volumes may continue to translate.

To speak a good word at parting. After earnestly exhorting our readers to mind their Bibles, and to reflect on the reflection of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun," we see no harm in recommending 'Tales of Yore,' to any purchaser who is willing to accept the title.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*Not at Home: a dramatic Entertainment, as performed with general Approbation, by the Drury-lane Company, at the Lyceum Theatre. Written by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Author of Elements of Self-knowledge, Percival, Aubrey, &c.* London, Crosby, 1809.

IN this piece, the jealousy of Lovel, a married rake, is very naturally depicted,—but there is perhaps rather too much broad farce in the character of Spectre.

ART. 21.—*A new and improved Grammar of the English Tongue; for the Use of Schools; in which the Genius of our Speech is especially attended to, and the Discoveries of Mr. Horne Tooke, and other modern Writers on the Formation of Language, are, for the first Time, incorporated. By William Hazlitt, Author of an Essay on the Principles of human Action, &c. &c. &c. To which is added, a new Guide to the English Tongue, in a Letter to Mr. W. F. Mylius, Author of the School Dictionary. By Edward Baldwin, Esq.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street. 1810. 12*mo.*

WE entirely agree with the author of this useful work, that there is something radically wrong in the common method of teaching English grammar, by transferring the artificial rules of other languages to our own. We also coincide in another opinion of the writer, that 'the grammatical distinctions of words do not relate to the nature of things or ideas spoken of, but to our manner of speaking of them.' This appears to us, on the whole, a more rational, simple, and intelligible English grammar, than most of those in common use; and we think that it may, with great benefit to the scholar, be introduced into our elementary schools.

ART. 22.—*A German and English Spelling-book, for the Use of Children, to assist them in the true Pronunciation of the German; designed chiefly for the Use of the German School in the Savoy. By G. F. Schilling, Master of the said School, and private Teacher of the German Language.* London, 1809. Escher, Piccadilly, 2*s. bound.*

IT is hardly possible to teach the correct pronunciation of any language by written rules: for there are many niceties of arti-

culation and varieties of sound, which can be taught only by oral exemplification. This spelling book may have its use as an *assistant* in the art of German pronunciation; and this is all at which it seems to aim.

ART. 23.—*Justice and Generosity, against Malice, Ignorance, and Poverty, or an Attempt to shew the Equity of the new Prices at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Attalus.* London, Sherwood. 1809. 8vo. 1s.

ART. 24.—*Reason versus Passion; or an impartial Review of the Dispute between the Public and the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre; with Strictures on the Times and Morning Chronicle Newspapers; comprising a Defence of the Committee, and an Attempt to shew that, however laudable the Opposition may think it, the Ruin of Mr. Kemble and his Family would not enhance the national Character. By one who dares to think for himself.* London, Wilson, Royal Exchange. 2s.

ART. 25.—*Considerations on the past and present State of the Stage; with Reference to the late Contests at Covent Garden; to which is added, a Plan for a new Theatre, for the Purpose of* HEARING *Plays.* London, Chapple, Pall Mall, 1809. 8vo.

AS the violent contentions which were occasioned by the recent advance of prices at Covent Garden theatre have been happily terminated, we shall not say any thing on the subject which might tend to revive a disagreeable discussion, or to rekindle the animosity of either party. We shall only remark, that these dramatic broils seemed to operate, at the time, as a very seasonable diversion in favour of ministers. While the O. P.'s and the N. P.'s were fighting in the arena of the pit, the novel spectacle seemed to act like a conductor on the public attention, and draw it off from the contemplation of several thousands of British subjects, whom the putrefactive miasmata of the Walcheren marshes were precipitating into an untimely grave. No expedition was ever more impolitic in the plan nor more disastrous in the execution,—and yet, as if a fatal paralysis had seized the popular mind, none ever seems to have excited a smaller share of the public indignation. The loss of two-thirds of a great army, owing to the folly of a despicable cabinet, seems to have been viewed as a trifle light as air compared with the advance of a few pence in the prices of admission to the theatre. The pamphlet, which is entitled 'Considerations on the past and present state of the Stage,' is the product of a very enlightened mind, and contains many observations which are well worthy of perusal, independent of any relation to the recent theatrical broils.

ART. 26.—*British Loyalty, or Long Live the King, a dramatic Effusion in two Acts. With Songs, Dances, &c. &c. &c. by Joseph Moser, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, Essex, Surry, Kent, &c. &c.* London. Asperne. 1809. 1s.

THIS is one of the well-intentioned tributes to our pious sovereign, which the jubilee produced.

ART. 27.—*An Abridgment of the History of Spain, from the earliest Accounts of that Country to the present Time. From the Spanish of Don Thomas d'Yriarte.* Wilkie and Robinson, 1808. 12*mo.* 403 *pp. pr.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

IT would have been more prudent in the English compiler or translator of this work, (for we know not whether this is the translation of an abridgment, or the abridged translation of an original work) to have omitted the general characters given of most of the Spanish monarchs at the close of their respective reigns, unless he had taken the trouble to draw original portraits, or at least compared his models with different likenesses by other hands. In adopting the courtly language of Don Thomas d'Yriarte, he has delineated as angels many of those whom the merest schoolboy in historical literature knows to have been gifted with at least a due mixture of the devil in their composition. For instance, what protestant or what Englishman will recognise what follows as the portrait of the tyrant Philip?

'Within a few days after the proclamation of a peace with France, by which all places conquered on both sides were mutually restored, king Philip the Second died, in the royal monastery of St. Lawrence of the Escurial, with indications of the most devout christian piety and holy fervour. Although his austere and rigid genius had impressed his subjects rather with awe than love; and though the Spanish monarchy had, by such errors on his part as even the most skilful cannot always avoid, suffered losses in his reign, which deeply affected its general prosperity and strength; yet was his death much regretted: and it deserved to be so, on account of the truly royal virtues which eminently marked his character. Such were his zeal for the propagation of religion, his unwearid activity in the dispatch of affairs of state, the heroic firmness with which he gave aid to the unfortunate, his constancy in the support of the cause which he esteemed to be just, his liberality to men and artists, and the attention which he paid to the founding of useful establishments.'

The superstitious and indolent grandson of Lewis XIV. is also bedecked with all the 'illustrious virtues' due from a courtly historiographer to the founder of the reigning dynasty of his native country. Not but what is said of both these princes may be true in the main, *as far as it goes*; but it is in the colouring given to expressions, in the suppression of much, in the magnifying of more, that the art of a panegyrist is exercised; and a regular historian, whatever else he may take for granted, never ought to receive implicitly from another source, however pure and unsuspected of partiality, either the motives of human conduct, or the principles of human character. In this point, therefore, the present abridgment is open to a very serious exception.

A short but useful 'Geographical Description of Spain and Portugal' is subjoined to the body of the work.

Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in December, 1809.

Appeal to his Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, and the People of the united Kingdom, against a late Rejection of the Petition of the Captains of the Royal Navy for an Augmentation of Pay. 2s. 6d.

Annual Register (Rivington's), or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1803. 8vo. 16s.

Alfieri—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri, written by himself. Translated from the Italian. 2 vols. 8vo.

Annual Register (Otridge's), or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1807. 8vo. 15s.

Adam—The Religious World displayed; or, a View of the Four Grand Systems of Religion, Judaism, Paganism, Christianity, and Mahommedism, and of the various existing Denominations in the Christian World. By the Rev. Robert Adam, A. B. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Baily—An Account of the several Life Insurance Companies established in London; with a comparative View of their respective Merits and Advantages. By Francis Baily. 1s.

Blair—The School Dictionary; or, Entick's English Dictionary improved and abridged. By the Rev. David Blair. 2s. 6d.

Boothby—Fables and Satires; with a Preface on the Esopian Fable. 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.

Bigland—A Geographical and Historical View of the World; exhibiting a complete Delineation of the Natural and Artificial Features of each Country; the Political Revolutions, &c. &c. By John Bigland. 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d.

Burton—A Series of Original Precedents in Conveyancing, with Practical Notes. Vol. V. with a complete Index to the whole Work. Royal 8vo. 16s.

Biographical Dictionary, containing accurate Sketches of the Lives of the most eminent Persons of every Nation. 18mo. 7s. 6d.

Bell—A System of Operative Surgery, founded on the Basis of Anatomy. By Charles Bell. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 34s.

Burns—The Principles of Midwifery; including the Diseases of Women and Children. 8vo. 12s.

Beloe—Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books. By the Rev. W. Beloe, B. D. Vol. IV. 10s. 6d.

Carey—Practical English Prosody and Versification, or Description of the different Species of English Verse. 12mo. 4s.—A Key to this Work. 2s. 6d.

Cheyne—The Pathology of the Membrane of the Larynx and Bronchia. By J. Cheyne, M. D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cure (A) for Melancholy, being a Select Collection of Bon Mots, &c. 12mo. 5s.

Castello—The Soldier's Orphan, a Tale. By Mrs. Castello. 3 vols. 19mo. 13s. 6d.

Clarke and Mac Arthur—The Life of the Right Hon. Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. By the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, and John Mac Arthur, Esq. 2 vols. imperial 4to. 9l. 9s.

Canning—Two Letters from the Right Hon. G. Canning to the Earl Camden, Lord President of the Council. 2s.

——— A Letter to the Earl Camden, containing a correct and authentic Narrative of the Circumstances connected with the late Duel, &c. &c. By the Right Hon. G. Canning. 2s.

Churchill—Genuine Guide to Health, intended as an Antidote to the pernicious Effects of Quackery; or, the most rational Means of preserving Health, preventing and curing Diseases, and obtaining a good old Age. By T. F. Churchill, M. D.

Capper—Meteorological and Miscellaneous Tracts applicable to Navigation, Gardening, and Farming; with Calendars of Flora for Greece, France, England, and Sweden. By Col. James Capper. 8vo.

Chirol—An Inquiry into the best System of female Education; or, Boarding-school and Home Education attentively considered. By J. L. Chirol. 8vo. 9s.

Covent-Garden Theatre—The Rebellion, or All in the Wrong. A serio-comic Hurly-Burly, as it was performed for two Months at the new Theatre Royal. 8vo. 4s.

——— Reason against Passion, or an impartial Review of the Dispute between the Public and the

Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre. 2s.

Dictionary of Anecdotes, chiefly historical, and illustrative of Characters and Events ancient and modern. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Dibdin—Typographical Antiquities, or a History of Printing in England. Originally published by Joseph Ames, and continued by William Herbert. Greatly enlarged and corrected by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. Vol. I. 4to. 3l. 3s.

English—The grey Friar and black Spirit of the Wye. A Romance. By John English, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Fenwick—The Goblin Groom. A Tale. By R. O. Fenwick, Esq. 15s.

Green—Seventy-eight Studies from Nature, engraved by W. Green, from Drawings by himself. 5l. 5s.

Hands—The Solicitor's Assistant in the Court of Chancery. By William Hands. 8vo. 9s.

Hebrew—Motives to the Study of the Hebrew Language. 12mo. 1s.

Helme—The Fruits of Reflection; or moral Remembrances on various Subjects. Designed for the Perusal of Youth. 2 vols. 9s.

Henderson—An Account of the British Settlement of Honduras; being a brief View of its commercial and agricultural Resources, &c. &c. By Captain Henderson. 8vo. 7s.

Jones—A Grammar of the Latin Tongue, for the Use of Schools. By J. Jones, Author of the Greek Grammar. 2s. 6d.

Leslie—Elements of Geometry, Geometrical Analysis, and Plane Trigonometry; with an Appendix. By J. Leslie. 8vo. 12s.

Meyrick—The History and Antiquities of the County of Cardigan; with the Mineralogical and Agricultural State of the County, its parochial history, &c. &c. Royal 4to. 4l. 4s.

Newton—The Posthumous Works of the late Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Pettigrew—Views of the Basis of the Brain and Cranium, accompanied with Outlines. By T. J. Pettigrew. 4to. 21s.

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Shakespeare—The Plays of William Shakespeare, printed from the Text of Samuel Johnson, George Stevens, and Isaac Reed. 12 vols. 8vo. 6l. 6s.

———— The Studies of Shakespeare, No. 1. To be continued every other Week. 1s. each.

Theatric (The) Count, a Tragi-comedy, in five acts. 2s. 6d.

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———— The Trial of Messrs. Wright and Mrs. Clarke, for a Conspiracy against Col. Wardle. 2s. 6d.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Jones's History of Brecknock.
Lord Valentia's Travels, concluded.
Edwards's Anecdotes of Painters.
Semple's second Journey in Spain.
Philosophical Transactions for 1809, p. 1.
Godwin on Sepulchres.

The Appendix to Vol. XVIII. of the third Series of the C. R. containing a copious account of foreign Literature, will be published on the first of next month.